the weekly
Standard

APRIL 22, 2002 $3.95

REMEMBER THE BUSH DOCTRINE?
DAVID GELERNTER
ROBERT KAGAN & WILLIAM KRISTOL

ATTACK ON THE CLONES

Starring GEORGE W. BUSH

and featuring

ERIC COHEN ON THE NEW GENETICS
FRED BARNES ON THE POLITICS OF CLONING

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The Member from Mars

Last week's SCRAPBOOK had some harsh things to say about the virulent strain of anti-Americanism, always latent in the soil over there, that has been a-fully sporulating in France since the terrorist attacks of last fall. In particular, we noted that an amazingly stupid and ugly conspiracy theory—that the Bush administration itself blew up the Pentagon on September 11, inventing a fictitious plane crash as "cover" for yet another imperialist adventure overseas—was the number-one bestselling book on the French *Amazon.com* lists.

Well, now it appears we owe the French an apology.

Oh, hell—no way.

Instead, we'll simply acknowledge that we have some amazingly stupid and ugly conspiracy theorists of our own, right here in America. And one of them, it so happens, is a Democratic member of the House of Representatives, Cynthia McKinney of Georgia.

The *Washington Post* reports that Ms. McKinney, interviewed recently on a Berkeley radio station—yes, *that* Berkeley—all but explicitly accused President Bush of knowing the World Trade Center attacks were coming but doing nothing to stop them. This, so that the president's friends at Washington's Carlyle Group investment firm, along with their clients, might "make huge profits off America's new war."

"We know there were numerous warnings of the events to come on September 11," claimed the not-so-honorable congresswoman, though she apparently declined to explain how "we" know this or what those "warnings" might have entailed. Why, then, she wondered, "did they not warn the innocent people of New York who were needlessly murdered? . . . What do they have to hide?"

Asked by the *Post* to provide some evidence for these hideous slanders, Ms. McKinney blithely admitted that "I am not aware of any." But "a complete investigation might reveal" some, she helpfully added. Very French of her, wouldn't you say?

Meanwhile, Rep. Jim Traficant of Ohio has been convicted by a federal jury of ten felony corruption charges and now faces expulsion from the House. Too bad Ms. McKinney can't go first. ♦

British Hacks Accused of Headline Abuse

Speaking of anti-Americanism, we mustn't forget the Brits—at least those of them who happen not to be Prime Minister Blair.

Try this one on for size: a massive, 25-paragraph, full-page story in the March 24 London *Observer*, carrying the byline of a certain Helena Smith who writes from Washington, D.C. "US rich accused of servant abuse as Saudi princess goes into hiding," screams the four-inch deep headline. And the story goes like this:

"Princess Buniah al-Saud, socialite and niece of King Fahd of Saudi Arabia, no longer wants to show her face. She has gone to ground in Washington, under the protection of the Saudi embassy. Her live-in maid, Ismiyati Soryono, has accused her of abuse, which has highlighted concerns about what human rights groups say are ugly truths about the treatment of foreign servants in the U.S. Now she faces criminal proceedings and a civil lawsuit. Worse, as far as her uncle is concerned, has been the notoriety. There have been pictures of the timid Indonesian servant's bruised and battered body all over America's media. . . .

"Whatever the outcome of the trial, rights appear in short supply for thousands of migrant servants living in slave-like conditions in the U.S. In Washington, behind the doors of glamorous Watergate condominiums, elegant Georgetown mansions and the town houses of Embassy Row, lurk tales of horror and sadness."

And so it continues, blah, blah, blah, complete with a quote from Carol Pier of Human Rights Watch about how "some of the world's most disadvantaged workers [are] held captive by some of the world's most powerful employers, who exploit, abuse, degrade, mock and humiliate them." The hypocrisy of these Americans—who pose as beacons of liberty and opportunity all the while they are perpetrating such cruelty and oppression!

Except that, um, "Princess Buniah al-Saud, socialite and niece of King Fahd of Saudi Arabia," isn't an American. *And neither is anybody else who's cited for servant abuse in the Observer's entire, hysterical diatribe*. Instead, the evildoers are all foreign embassy officials or delegates to this or that Washington-headquartered international organization. And consequently—just like equivalent diplomats living in London—they are generally immune from, and beyond reach of, local law.

What's with the *Observer*, we wonder? Has it recently been purchased by a Frenchman, perhaps?

Also, who cleans whatever house or apartment *Observer* Washington correspondent Helena Smith is now living in? Would said housekeeper please call THE SCRAPBOOK? We'd like to ask about working conditions. ♦

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McGoo Lives!

Rising from the mists of the obscurity that envelops failed presidential nominees, George McGovern offers his analysis of the war against terrorism in the April 22 issue of the *Nation*. Called "Questions for Mr. Bush," it's an artfully written piece that isn't quite as bad as it could be. McGovern admits, for instance, that he does not have "the benefit of national security briefings," and therefore must concede that the administration has "vigorously and effectively responded" to September 11.

But then he turns the concession into a demand that the military budget increases be halved, with the money saved going to poor, rogue nations to induce changes within them.

But then he wonders, "What is a rogue nation? Isn't it simply one we have chosen to boycott because it doesn't always behave the way we think it should?" By that definition, it strikes us, France, Italy, and the Holy See might qualify as rogue nations, given their tepid positions on the Middle East.

But no, rogue nations are actually those which support and sponsor terrorism—the terrorism whose existence McGovern, to hold his view, comes close to denying. The Bush administration's "seeming obsession" derives, he insists, from "terrorism replacing communism" as the "great hobgoblin of our age."

Obsession? Hobgoblin? To be generous, McGovern seems to sense that his politics are wildly out of sync with the moment. Rather than revise his politics, though, he indulges in the fantasy that the terrorist threat might be either exaggerated or even imaginary.

How's that old line go? A little hobgoblin is the consistency of foolish minds? Something like that. ♦

Biotech: a Guide for the Perplexed

Elsewhere in this issue you'll find Eric Cohen's examination of the current state of bioethics. For readers interested in further analysis of this momentous and timely topic, THE SCRAPBOOK heartily recommends a new book co-edited by Cohen, a resident scholar at the Ethics and Public Policy Center, and this magazine's editor William Kristol.

The Future Is Now: America Confronts the New Genetics (Rowman & Littlefield) gathers readings from the fiction of Aldous Huxley all the way up through the latest testimony before Congress on such issues as cloning and fetal stem cell research. A number of distinguished contributors to this magazine's pages are included: J. Bottum, Charles Krauthammer, Gilbert Meilaender, Wesley J. Smith, Adam Wolfson, and more. But all the polemical sides are represented.

And at the very least, you'll find out why *Attack of the Clones* is more than just the title of a summer flick. ♦

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Casual

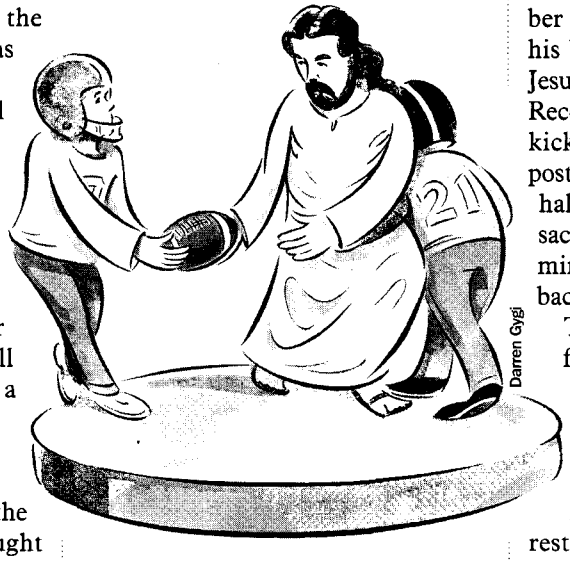
Jesus Christ, Soccer Star

The first time I recall seeing Jesus, I was in Mrs. Schlaeger's K-4 class at Mt. Olive Lutheran School. My family wasn't Lutheran, but they decided I could pass. As a preschooler, I did my best impression of being a cool customer. I made miracles out of Tinkertoys, and cut a dashing figure in Captain Kirk shirts and dingo boots. Inside, however, I was a frightened child. When the teacher assigned impossible tasks such as spelling our first names, I panicked, wishing myself back home on the couch, watching Mike Douglas with my mom.

It was then that I first noticed him, framed in some sort of gauzy glamour shot, hanging alongside the American flag. The portrait was a knockoff of Warner Sallman's "Head of Christ." Jesus was staring into the distance, as if he'd just spotted tranquility over the horizon. Even underneath all that facial hair, he didn't look like a swarthy Mediterranean, but rather patrician, WASPy—as if he'd prepped at Groton, taken a wrong turn, then joined up with the Pagans motorcycle gang. It brought me great solace.

Several years later, my parents left the Catholic and Russian Orthodox churches of their upbringing in order to enlist as low-church Protestants. (Down with smells 'n' bells. Up with potluck.) Here, they weren't too big on Jesus icons, except in junior church, where my teacher would illustrate Bible stories on flannelgraph. With velcro stuck to his back, Jesus would meet up with Zacchaeus, Mary Magdalene, all the regulars. This was probably my favorite depiction of him. He had none of Caravaggio's gloominess, and none of Picasso's absurdity (Pablo made him a bullfighter). Even in a white frock, blue sash, and open-toed shoes, this Jesus looked hale and hearty, like Dan Haggerty as Grizzly Adams—minus 50 pounds and the friendly bear.

All this is to say that I have a pretty high tolerance for Jesus iconography. I refuse to snicker when people stamp his likeness on hot-air balloons, poker chips, or as one Venezuelan artist did, on 70 slices of Texas toast. Neither do I mock those who claim to spot Jesus' face unexpectedly, on a halibut egg, on a charred tortilla, or as one Wisconsin woman recently reported, in the trunk of her backyard tree. ("At first, I thought it was Brett Favre," said my Milwaukee-bred colleague, mimicking the woman in a honking 'Sconi accent.)


Darren Gygi

But every man has his limit, and mine was crossed when someone sent me a link to *catholicshopper.com*. As if Catholics don't have enough PR problems these days, someone has elected to sell inspirational Jesus Sport Statues. The Man of Sorrows is featured in hand-painted resin, running track, skiing, even biking and rollerblading, in order to show that he is a "friend in everyday activities." The point is well taken. The statues are not.

All of them feature Jesus playing sports with tow-headed youngsters. There's Jesus modestly dribbling a soccer ball, doubtless holding back on his deadly bicycle kick. There's Jesus officiating at a karate match. The kids have pink belts and blue belts. Jesus is stuck with a rope belt—but one suspects he could still wipe the floor with them. In every setting, Jesus wears his standard rig (white robe, Nazarene flip-flops), except when playing hockey. On the ice, even he might go down like a sack of wet cement if he wasn't fitted with rocker blades.

Basketball Jesus appears to be a terror on the boards. And Baseball Jesus has his arms instructively wrapped around a batter who has an incorrect stance, but who will likely have little trouble laying heavy lumber with the carpenter's carpenter at his back. One might expect Football Jesus to be reenacting the Immaculate Reception or, as the song says, drop-kicking someone through the goalposts of life. Instead, he looks about a half-second away from drawing the sack, but he still has the presence of mind to dump the ball off to his fullback (the benefits of omniscience).

The obvious problem with over-familiarizing the divine is, where does it all end? Will the next Basketball Jesus throw metal folding chairs across the court? Will Boxing Jesus munch off a hunk of his opponent's ear, then restore it, as Jesus restored a cut-off ear at Gethsemane? One can easily visualize Sports Jesuses becoming the next must-have ironic tchotchkes, like snowglobes or Chairman Mao refrigerator magnets.

But I still have confidence that the real Jesus will escape with his reputation intact. As the Book of Hebrews says, it's one of his better qualities that regardless of passing fashions, he remains the same "yesterday, today, and forever." That applies whether Jesus is multiplying loaves and fishes, or blasting the second baseman into center field, breaking up the double play.

Matt Labash

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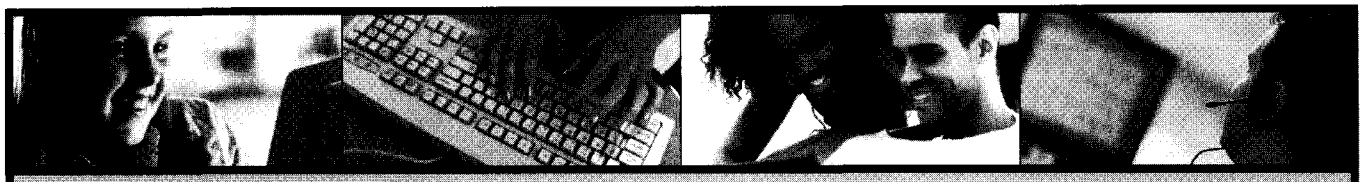

AGAINST NATURE

The forces of nature often leave a trail of devastation; but the destruction caused by Hurricane Mitch in Nicaragua and other parts of Central America in 1998 was almost unimaginable—11,000 dead, 2 million homeless, and $10 billion in damage.

For Save the Children, a leading international child development and relief organization, Hurricane Mitch demonstrated all too vividly the challenges of responding to nature's onslaught. While relief workers were deployed immediately to assess the devastation and determine what kind of help was needed, it took days to gather that information and coordinate it in a central database. Only then could Save the Children determine where and what kind of aid was needed first.

Hurricane Mitch was the genesis of Save the Children's involvement in the Humanitarian Empowerment and Response through Technology (HEART) program, sponsored by Microsoft. HEART's goal is to use the convenience and power of mobile computing to improve the efficiency of disaster relief. With the help of a cash and software grant, Save the Children worked with Microsoft employee volunteers to create a software tool for small, handheld devices that would enable them to quickly target desperately needed supplies such as food, water, medicine and shelter for disaster-struck regions.

To assess the technology's effectiveness, the University of Wisconsin developed a computer simulation of a catastrophic hurricane raging through the Pacific coastal villages of Nicaragua, causing massive flooding, burying entire villages, destroying roads and bridges, and leaving thousands missing or dead. Using advanced handheld computing technology, Save the Children was able to deliver a complete assessment of both the damage and resource needs in little more than eight hours.

In the days before the simulation, Save the Children's staff worked with community volunteers in Nicaragua to collect baseline information on food, water, health, education and shelter resources. By combining this information with data collected during the simulated hurricane, Save the Children was able to determine quickly where and what kind of help was needed most.

After this successful field trial in Nicaragua, Save the Children plans to roll out the mobile device technology worldwide and share it with other agencies. For example, in order to deliver feeding programs more effectively in Haitian schools, a version is being adopted by the World Food Programme, the United Nations frontline agency in the fight against global hunger.

Emergency relief efforts to deal with natural disasters and global hunger are being improved through advances in mobile computing.

A key element of the HEART program is working to ensure that nonprofit and government agencies involved in disaster relief share information about these new technology solutions.

In one quake-prone Central American country, for example, a number of nonprofit groups are working to provide homes—built to withstand strong earthquakes—for nearly 1.5 million people. Currently, disaster relief workers in the field must use paper and pen to complete several forms to approve housing beneficiaries, and then transfer the data to a computer. Incorporating handheld computers will reduce the amount of time and duplication significantly, thereby increasing the number of people eligible for assistance.

Just as mobile devices have enabled businesses to become more efficient and productive, these handheld computers are helping nonprofits to better meet the needs of the communities they serve. The added benefit is that the savings are measured in lives as well as dollars.

One in a series of essays on technology and society. More information is available at microsoft.com/issues.

Microsoft

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Revoke the Prize

The Weekly Standard's April 1 feature about Yasser Arafat ("The Winner") highlights the need for Nobel officials to take back the Peace Prize they awarded Arafat seven years ago.

Yasser Arafat is a murderer, a terrorist. Nobel Peace Prize officials could make their award more meaningful by revoking the prize for past winners who are no longer role models. An honor that is given to peacemakers should be taken away from terrorists.

There is a website dedicated to this purpose, *www.revoketheprize.org*. Readers of The Weekly Standard who share the view that Yasser Arafat should be held accountable for his actions should sign the petition online.

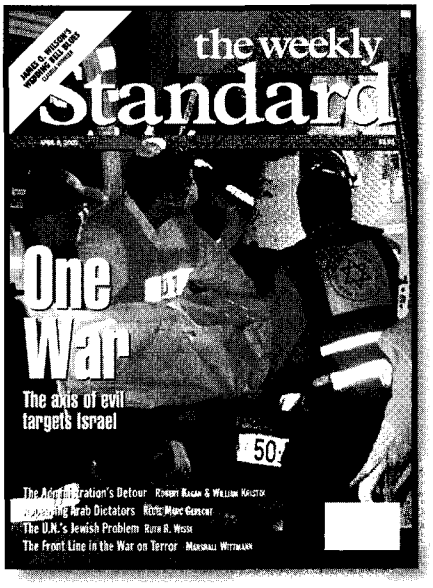
Paul Feiner
Greenburgh, NY

Bumbling Bureaucrats

In "Propaganda by the Column Inch" (April 8), Christopher Caldwell warns that a *Financial Times* article on the impact of Customs Service raids on Muslim groups somehow insults "the common sense of the American people" in a way that threatens to place our democracy in "peril." Caldwell ignores the Customs Service's long history of fiascoes, botched "raids," and plundering.

For example, on August 25, 1992, Customs Service, drug enforcement agents, and local police raided the San Diego home of businessman Donald Carlson. The police set off a bomb in his backyard, smashed through his front door, and shot him three times after he tried to defend himself with a gun. Police even shot Carlson in the back after he had given up his gun and was lying wounded on his bedroom floor. The Customs Service believed there were four machine guns and a massive cache of illegal narcotics in Carlson's home, but no drugs or illegal weapons were found. The raid was launched in response to a tip from a paid informant, who later stated he had never identified any specific house to be searched. A *San Diego Union-Tribune* analysis concluded the raid occurred partly as a result of "heavy pressure from Customs managers—who stand to gain professionally by generating arrests and big caseloads—on street agents to produce headline-grabbing cases." Carlson testified to Congress that he and his lawyer "have been forced to conduct an expensive investigation of the underlying facts of this nightmare. The government has refused to share their knowledge of the events with us. . . . My house was riddled with bullet holes. . . . Walls were destroyed, apparently as part of the government's investigation." The feds eventually paid Carlson a large sum to settle his lawsuit against them.

Customs agents have also long abused travelers who fail to fill out federal forms telling the government that they are transporting $10,000 or more into or



from the country. In February 1996, an agent dressed in blue jeans approached Cambodian refugee Malis Chum as she waited to catch a flight back to her homeland from New York's JFK airport. Chum later explained: "I don't know the person. He looked kind of weird, make me suspect. I didn't know whether I should tell the truth." Chum denied carrying excessive cash; a subsequent search turned up $77,452—money she was taking back to "rebuild a Buddhist temple and assist relatives in their ravaged homeland."

Though Customs had no reason to suspect that Chum had acquired the money illegally, the agency stalled the efforts of a New York Legal Aid Society lawyer to recover Chum's money. Finally, after the *New York Law Journal* contacted Customs about the seizure almost three years later, the agency returned the cash to Chum.

Customs' raids on Muslim groups may be as flawed as its previous crackdowns. A news analysis in the *Los Angeles Times* on April 7 concluded that the Customs Service was using "questionable evidence against targeted Middle Eastern groups. . . . At least some of the financial crackdowns on groups with suspected terrorist ties, resulting in the freezing of tens of millions of dollars in assets, were launched prematurely or based on insufficient evidence. . . . Some [federal] prosecutors now say they are concerned about whether the seizure cases will hold up in court."

Caldwell derides the *Financial Times*'s piece as "terrorist propaganda." Perhaps the Customs Service will be able to present strong cases in federal court against the organizations and individuals that it raided. But until then, the agency deserves the vigorous scrutiny it has earned from its long history of abuses.

James Bovard
Rockville, MD

Nietzsche's Right Side

I am afraid I must take issue with James W. Ceaser's rather shallow characterization of Friedrich Nietzsche's position on the genealogy of the concepts of "good and bad" versus "good and evil" in "Bush vs. Nietzsche" (April 1). Nietzsche is constantly abused by those of us on the right for his supposed moral relativism as if he were in line with today's politically correct moral arbiters on the left. Nothing could be further from the truth.

In *The Genealogy of Morals*, Nietzsche sought to limn the competing visions of "good and bad" (as exemplified in classical antiquity, of which he was one of the greatest scholars of his day) and "good and evil" (as put forth in Christian theology).

In his famous line regarding the "death of God," Nietzsche was prophesying what would come of Christian morality should the transcendent nature on which it relied (namely belief in God) be

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Advertisement

Who says we are winning the $19 billion-a-year drug war?

- New drugs and more dangerous forms of the old drugs are widely available, e.g. crack and methamphetamine.[1]

- Adolescent drug use has been increasing since 1990.[2]

- The age at which people first try heroin, cocaine, and marijuana is constantly dropping because there are so many new users.[3]

- The price of heroin and cocaine is at its lowest point in 20 years and the purity of both drugs is at near record levels.[4]

- Overdose deaths and mentions of drugs in hospital emergency rooms are at record levels.[5]

- Bans on the sale and availability of clean syringes have added significantly to the spread of HIV/AIDS.[6]

Who says we're winning . . . other than frightened politicians, ideologues, and people who make their living from prohibition?

Prohibition. It still doesn't work.

Kevin B. Zeese, President, Common Sense for Drug Policy
3220 N Street NW, #141, Washington, DC 20007
www.csdp.org * www.DrugWarFacts.org * www.addictinthefamily.org * info@csdp.org
202-299-9780 * 202-518-4028 (fax)

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1 ONDCP, National Drug Control Strategy, "Methamphetamine Lab Seizures, by State 1995-2001," pg 108, Table 67, February 2002 citing El Paso Intelligence Center; ONDCP.
2 Institute for Social Research, University of Michigan, *Monitoring the Future* (December 2001).
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4 ONDCP, *The Price of Illicit Drugs: 1981 Through the Second Quarter of 2000,* prepared by Abt Associates (Washington, DC: ONDCP, October 2001), Table 1, pp. 28-30, and Table 2, pp. 31-33.
5 Murphy, Sheila L., Centers for Disease Control, "Deaths: Final Data for 1998", National Vital Statistics Reports, Vol. 48, No. 11 (Hyattsville, MD: National Center for Health Statistics, July 24, 2000), pp. 1, 10; Office of Applied Studies, *Drug Abuse Warning Network, 2000* (March 2001 update).
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undermined by its professed adherents. I believe he was quite prescient in this regard as we view the decline of the Anglican church in England and the Episcopal church in America into the near death of the faith in England and the fall of Episcopalianism in this country into a PC gobbledygook of moral confusion. Nietzsche was a proponent of classical virtue perhaps unmatched in the modern age. To suggest as Ceaser does that he had no firm moral universe is to miss the point entirely.

WILLIAM R. HARRISON JR.
Arlington, VA

NUCLEAR TRUCK BOMBS

IN HIS RECENT REPORT from Yucca Mountain, Stephen F. Hayes writes: "common sense tells us that we're better off with highly radioactive waste stored 1,000 feet underground at one heavily-protected remote location . . . than we are with that same waste in dozens of above-ground pools" ("Nevada Goes Nuclear," April 1).

That sounds so sensible that one might think the argument closed. But it is not. To store immense quantities of the most dangerous substances on Earth in a single spot makes sense only on two conditions. The first is that the new site proves to be safer from natural disturbances and human intrusions than the scattered ones at which the wastes are now stored. All one can say on that score is that the scientific evidence gathered on Yucca Mountain so far is wholly inconclusive, to say the very least. The second is that the process of transporting the wastes from their present locations to the new site does not in itself add substantially to the dangers of handling the wastes. Alas, it does.

Two of Hayes's most widely cited sources were the operator of a gas station and the manager of a brothel, both living in the shadow of Yucca Mountain. Hayes reports that neither of them seemed very apprehensive. Good for them. But the vast majority of the people of Nevada are apprehensive, and the rest of us have good reason to be. This is because the main security problem for the next half century or so will not reside in the high deserts of Nevada but on the highways that lead to them.

The federal plan as of this writing is for the wastes to be transported to Nevada on flatbed trucks. The reason why Nevada was chosen for this honor, obviously has to do with its remoteness and its low population density. But the roads leading to Nevada, like all roads, were built for the express purpose of moving people and goods from one densely populated location to another. Their job, so to speak, is to seek out heavy concentrations of people. What this means as a practical matter is that shipments of radioactive waste will average more than 2,000 miles in length and will pass as closely as human ingenuity allows to the largest numbers of people possible. In the early phases of the project some 3,000 to 4,000 shipments will take to the highways every year, making their way through 44 states and over 100 cities with populations of more than 100,000, including places like Chicago, Indianapolis, Atlanta, St. Louis, and Omaha. Some 50 million people live within three miles of one of those shipping lanes; 7 million people live within 900 yards.

It will take nearly 40 years to move the present stocks of waste, an estimated 100,000 individual shipments. What are the odds of an accident over that span of time? Formidable is the only answer. At current accident rates, some 400 trucks will collide with other vehicles or overturn or burst into flames or become involved in some other serious mishap. And with what results? We have no way of knowing that, of course, but what do you suppose the odds are that a private insurer would be willing to underwrite such a program?

All of that would be cause for alarm even if human malice was not factored into our calculations, but September 11 taught us clearly that we can no longer afford that luxury. Dangerous wastes will be removed from the plants near which they are stored if the plan goes into effect, but the fact is that those plants will continue to generate wastes until the day they are decommissioned—at which point, of course, they will become a form of waste themselves.

So every functioning nuclear reactor in the country will continue to be a target for sabotage whether or not Yucca Mountain goes on line, and the result of activating the repository will only be to add to the already long list of opportunities now available for terrorist attack some 3,000 to 4,000 mobile targets passing through the most heavily populated traffic corridors. And to make matters worse, Yucca Mountain itself will become a prime target as soon as wastes begin to accumulate there in any quantity.

The subtitle of Hayes's article asks, "What better place to store radioactive waste than the middle of nowhere?" Given the geological uncertainties of the Yucca Mountain site and the potential problems involved in bringing wastes to it from around the country, most specialists I know think that leaving those hazardous materials right where they are is the safest, most sensible, and far away the least expensive policy of all.

KAI ERIKSON
Professor of Sociology, Emeritus
Yale University
New Haven, CT

MISS MANNERS RETIRES

CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL hits it on the head with his Casual about service workers never uttering the words "I'm sorry" ("A Sorry State," April 15). Apologies are a lost concept in the world of service. I've had hotel managers give me upgrades when all I really wanted was an apology. Even if they don't want to say "I'm sorry, we made a mistake" for legal or other reasons, why not at least say "I'm sorry you were inconvenienced"? That doesn't even imply responsibility, but it would go a long way toward letting me know that my troubles at your hotel (or with your airline) are of concern to you.

GLENN HOLCOMBE
Coos Bay, OR

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the weekly Standard

Lost in the Wilderness

Right now the Bush administration seems to be lost in the wilderness without a moral or strategic compass. This is a stunning development, for less than three months ago the president set forth a grand and clear vision for American foreign policy. We would fight terrorism and the regimes that support and harbor terrorists. We would press for freedom and democracy around the world, but especially in the Muslim world. Above all, when we saw evil, we would call it by its name. Now look how far we have moved away from those noble aspirations.

1. Negotiating With Terrorists

As this magazine went to press on April 12, Secretary of State Colin Powell was in Jerusalem, where Yasser Arafat's Al Aksa Brigades had just set off another deadly bomb. This was only a day before Powell's planned meeting with Arafat. Amazingly, though it postponed any meeting for at least a day, the Bush administration still seemed inclined to have the American secretary of state meet with this terrorist leader. We don't use that term flippantly, as hyperbole, or even as an insult to Yasser Arafat. We are simply being descriptive: Arafat is a terrorist.

In recent days, the Israeli government has released documents discovered in the offices of the Palestinian Authority that show Arafat approving payments to terrorists and terrorist organizations operating against Israel. (The documents can be viewed at *www.idf.il.*)

One document, dated January 7, 2002, is a request for payment from the head of the Fatah-Tanzim terrorist cell in Tulkarm on the West Bank, a man named Raed al-Karmi who had publicly admitted taking part in attacks on Israeli soldiers and civilians. In the document, he asks for payment to 12 Fatah terrorists under his command. The request was sent to Marwan Barghouti, head of Fatah's West Bank organization, and one of the leading organizers of suicide bombings against Israeli civilians. The document shows that Barghouti passed the request to Arafat with a note asking him "to order the allocation of $1,000 for each of the fighter brethren." At the bottom of the document is a note in Arafat's handwriting: "Please allocate $350 to each." Then Arafat's signature.

In another document, dated September 19, 2001, a senior Fatah leader asks Arafat to approve payment of $2,500 to Karmi and two other terrorists: Ziad Muhammad Daas and Amar Qadan. As the *Jerusalem Post* reports, Daas commands the Fatah-Tanzim cell that carried out the massacre of Israelis celebrating a bat mitzvah in January 2002. Qadan is a terrorist chief in Ramallah. Again, there is a note from Arafat: "allocate $600 to each of them."

There is more. Documents found in the office of Arafat's financial director, Fuad Shubaki, show the Al Aksa Martyrs Brigades requesting funds for electrical components and chemicals used in suicide bombs. One memo is dated September 16, 2001. As the *New York Times*'s Michael R. Gordon notes, "Suicide bombings by the Aksa Brigades began in November" 2001. Gordon also reports that Israeli military officials have uncovered significant evidence showing that the Palestinian Authority's preventive security office—which is supposed to be responsible for cracking down on terrorism in the territories—is itself linked to suicide bombings. Israeli forces discovered mortars, heavy machine guns, yarmulkes, and "other disguises for suicide bombers" in the headquarters of Jabril Rajoub, the head of the security office. A former head of the Middle East division of the Defense Intelligence Agency told Gordon that the Palestinian Authority's security office is "likely part of the problem."

Does President Bush still believe Yasser Arafat is a man with whom we can do business? Can we fight a war on terrorism while we seek to appease this proven sponsor of terrorism? The president will not find a way out of the wilderness until he finally realizes that the answer is no.

2. "The solution will not be produced by terror or the response to terror."

Secretary Powell made this statement in Madrid last week. It was his way of saying that the Israeli military

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operation against the terrorist infrastructure in the Palestinian territories could not succeed. But its ramifications go far beyond the Israeli-Palestinian conflict.

Set aside for a moment the amazing equivalence implied in Powell's statement: the suggestion that Palestinian terror and Israel's military response are equally to blame for the current crisis. And never mind that Powell is quite wrong in insisting that the Israeli operation will accomplish nothing. On the contrary, the Israeli military campaign, which has rounded up over a hundred known terrorists, uncovered weapons caches and bomb-making facilities, and revealed the paper trail showing how Arafat and the Palestinian Authority work with the terrorist cells, could well have a substantial impact in reducing the frequency of terrorist attacks against Israeli citizens. Will it end terrorism against Israel once and for all? Of course not, but neither will the American operations in Afghanistan and elsewhere end terrorism against the United States once and for all, as the Bush administration has repeatedly reminded us.

The most startling thing about Powell's comment is what it implied about *our* war on terrorism. If Israel's "response to terror" is counterproductive, does the same principle hold true for our actions against Osama bin Laden, al Qaeda, the Taliban, and others? Is our "response to terror" no solution, too? After September 11, the left said about America's war on terrorism what Powell is saying about Israel's war on terrorism: that it could never succeed, that it would not address the "root causes" of terrorism, that it would not address the anti-Western and anti-American anger that was seething in the Muslim world, that killing Islamic radicals and Afghans would only create more terrorism. Critics of President Bush's war on terrorism have been saying all along that "the response to terror is no solution." It is a sign of how lost this administration is today that Secretary Powell has unwittingly mouthed the logic of the administration's harshest critics.

The question is not whether terrorists claim to be acting on behalf of a legitimate cause. The question is what they do.

The Bush administration will not find its way back out of the wilderness until it remembers the key principles of the war on terrorism. The question is not whether terrorists claim to be acting on behalf of a legitimate cause. Do the Palestinian people have legitimate aspirations? Of course they do. And Islamic fundamentalists also have aspirations which might be called legitimate. They think their countries should be run according to Islamic law. They think the West is poisoning their culture. They wish the Saudi royal family were out of power.

The question, though, is not what people want; it is what they do. If they kill innocents, if they murder civilians, if they walk into hotels and blow up Jews celebrating Passover, or if they fly passenger jets into the World Trade Center—that is terrorism. And that is what we are fighting against. Unfortunately, in the interest of currying favor with the Arab states, the Bush administration has seriously blurred the purpose, the meaning, and the justification for *our* war on terrorism. Instead of demanding that Israel halt its war on terrorism, President Bush should be demanding a return to clarity by his own advisers.

3. SADDAM'S VICTORY

The big winner in the current fiasco will probably not be Yasser Arafat. We believe Arafat's days are numbered as a major player in the Middle East. No, the victor right now seems to be Saddam Hussein. Thanks in large part to the administration's mishandling of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict—which began with Vice President Cheney's trip to the region almost a month ago—the Arab states are much less inclined to be helpful in any effort against Iraq. Now, we've always believed that most Arab states will have no choice but to go along once President Bush makes his decision. We still believe that. But there's reason to wonder whether Bush will be wary of challenging Arab opinion on Iraq for some time. In recent days, the administration has behaved as if it is petrified of the "Arab street" and potential instability in the Arab world. Administration officials seem to have convinced themselves that "moderate" governments in Jordan and Egypt and Saudi Arabia were on the verge of being toppled—hence the sharp administration turn against Israel. We have no way of evaluating the administration's fears, but if it is so afraid of instability in those countries today, what are the chances it will risk an invasion of Iraq six months or even a year from now?

The Bush administration appears now to be operating on the theory that it must find some sort of Middle East settlement before it can make a move on Iraq. If that's the case, we should all learn to stop worrying and love Saddam's bomb. If President Bush wants to find his way out of the wilderness, he will have to drop this line of thinking. The Bush administration wanted to calm tensions in the region with the Cheney and Powell trips. Instead, they made things worse. It's time to let Israel take decisive action against terrorism, which would be consistent with the Bush Doctrine and would help clear the decks for us to go after Saddam. After three weeks of letting the Arabs shape the agenda, it is time for Bush to take charge again of his own destiny, and ours.

—Robert Kagan and William Kristol

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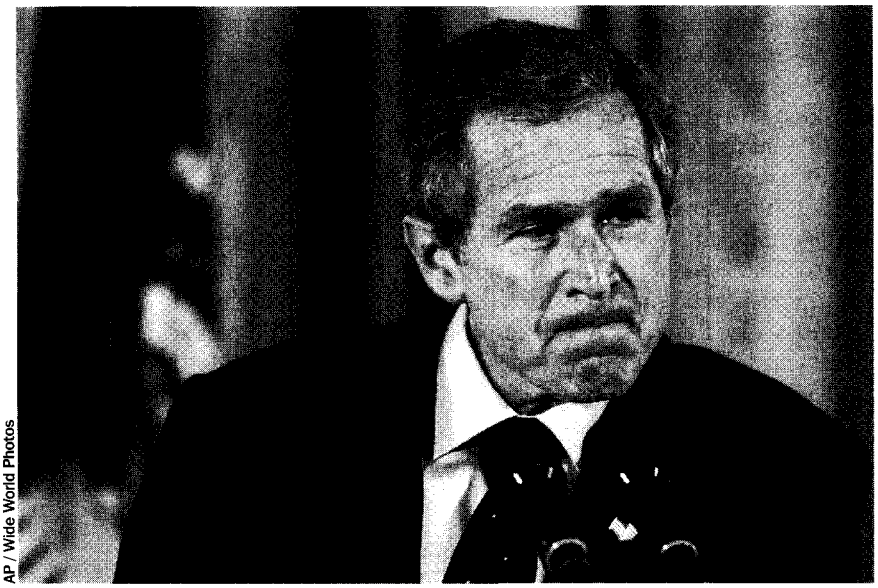
The Politics of Cloning

It's the only domestic issue Bush is focusing on.

BY FRED BARNES



AP / Wide World Photos

George W. Bush delivers his remarks on cloning, April 10

ENACTMENT OF A FULL BAN on human cloning is complicated by two dozen or more senators, roughly half of them Republicans, who wish the issue would go away. Advocates of the ban wanted to bring Leon Kass, head of President Bush's Council on Bioethics, before a meeting of Republican senators. The queasy senators said don't bother. (Kass has talked to a number of senators one-on-one.) One GOP senator quietly complained after hearing a colleague's pitch for the ban that he hates dealing with issues with strong moral content. Other senators favor the ban but are deathly afraid of drawing attention to this by cosponsoring legislation. A few others are fearful of being linked with the Christian Right. Republican senator Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania, who supports a full ban, says that "anytime you get an issue with moral repercussions, people head for the hills."

The president is not among the faint-hearted. He devoted an unusual amount of time to drafting his anti-cloning speech last week. He met with speechwriters four or five times the day before, then summoned aides again the next morning to make changes. At one point, Bush interrupted a national security meeting with Vice President Dick Cheney and Condoleezza Rice, Bush's national security adviser, to put the final touches on the text. The attention to cloning contrasts with Bush's relative lack of interest since September 11 in domestic policy. But on human cloning, the president is committed to winning a total ban. His speech, once planned for a bland auditorium in the Executive Office Building, was instead delivered in the East Room to lend it more importance.

To achieve its aim, the White House will have to stay heavily involved. Last year, the ban sailed through the House, 265-162, without serious lobbying by Bush or White House aides. But the Senate is another story. Sixty-three Democrats backed the ban in the House, but only one Democratic senator, Mary Landrieu of Louisiana, is cosponsoring the Senate version. The lead Republican is Sen. Sam Brownback of Kansas. Two Democrats, John Breaux of Louisiana and Ben Nelson of Nebraska, are expected to join Landrieu, but they haven't publicly disclosed their position. Still other Democrats profess to be neutral. Opponents of cloning were pleasantly surprised by a letter to a constituent from Democratic senator Jeff Bingaman of New Mexico. They'd written him off as hopeless, but the letter suggested he might vote for a moratorium on all cloning, with a timetable for revisiting the issue later. But Bingaman's office said he won't vote for the Brownback-Landrieu measure that Bush backs. Anti-cloning forces are also targeting Democratic senators facing reelection this fall, particularly Jean Carnahan of Missouri and Tim Johnson of South Dakota.

For a full ban to be approved, six or seven Democratic votes will probably be needed to offset GOP defections. Sen. Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania declared last year that he would never condone human cloning, but this year he's cosponsoring legislation that would do just that—ban cloning to reproduce a human, but allow it for scientific and medical research, so-called therapeutic cloning. Brownback-Landrieu would bar this. Senate Republicans have given up on Olympia Snowe of Maine, Lincoln Chafee of Rhode Island, and Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, and they worry about losing Orrin Hatch of Utah. Six or seven other GOP senators are undecided.

But proponents of permitting some human cloning have a large problem: public opinion. By 77 percent to 17

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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percent, adults in a national survey by the Pew Research Center said they oppose scientific experimentation on the cloning of human beings. As a result, cloning proponents have grown hysterical in their arguments. A group of 40 Nobel Prize scientists insisted a full ban would chill all scientific research. Hardly. The head of the Coalition for the Advancement of Medical Research claimed the anti-cloning side is "talking about jailing doctors." No, what they're talking about is preventing human cloning. Another argument is to insist that embryos created by cloning are not really human. In truth, the embryos would be alive and have a complete genetic code like every human being.

A lobbying tactic against a full ban is to bring children with disabilities or diseases along to senators' offices and contend they can be cured through research on cloned embryos. Of course any gains from research on cloned embryos are purely speculative at this point. And there are promising alternatives to such research. Meanwhile, the biotech industry will hit Capitol Hill next week with 200 CEOs.

For Bush, the primary objection to human cloning is moral. "He feels very deeply about this," an aide said. "Research cloning would contradict the most fundamental principle of medical ethics, that no human life should be exploited or extinguished for the benefit of another." Cloned embryos used in research would be killed. Indeed, they would have to be killed. And this, to Bush's way of thinking, drifts into "brave new world" and Dr. Mengele territory.

His moral case was neatly complemented by a Senate floor speech and *Washington Post* op-ed by Sen. Bill Frist of Tennessee, a former heart surgeon. Frist, who has considerable influence in Congress on medical issues, made a scientific case for banning all human cloning now. He distinguished between stem cell research and human cloning experimentation. The first, he favors. Doing the second, he said, is premature. Let's see what stem cell research produces before steaming off in a new direction. Its "promise and success . . . do not depend on experimental research cloning," Frist noted.

Before the East Room event, the president met for ten minutes in the Blue Room with three disabled people he would mention in his speech, all of whom want a full ban. Two religious leaders, an entrepreneur, and two members of Feminists for Life joined the session. One of the feminists was Patricia Heaton, the Emmy-winning star of the popular TV sitcom *Everybody Loves Raymond*. Bush, who mostly watches sports on television, gave no indication he recognized her.

But he thanked her for being there and for speaking out against cloning at a Capitol Hill press conference earlier. She deserved the thanks—an actress from liberal Hollywood standing tall on an issue that prompts some U.S. senators to want to hide. ♦

Michael Ramirez

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Europe to Israel—Drop Dead

Why self-defense by the Jewish state is *verboten*.

BY DAVID GELERNTER

ISRAEL IS IN BIG TROUBLE with nearly the whole enlightened world—European "peace activists" and Arab diplomats and Zbigniew Brzezinski and all sorts of mainstream American journalists—for not allowing Palestinian terrorists to kill its citizens with impunity. The Europeans rushed to the West Bank town of Ramallah to surround and protect the world's best-loved terrorist—that kindly old grump Yasser Arafat, hero of his people, idol of Europe, Nobel laureate, ripper-up of Jewish children. No Israeli would dare shoot Arafat if there were any risk of harming a European in the process; that was the premise. Luckily for the Europeans, it was never put to the test, because the Israelis (as they had repeatedly demonstrated) had no intention of killing Arafat. Meanwhile, trivia experts were trying to remember the last time European "activists" had ever rushed anywhere to protect Israeli lives.

Brzezinski explained, on the *Lehrer News Hour*, that Israelis were treating Palestinians the way white South Africans used to treat blacks—a vintage lie from the 1970s, which was a great decade for lying. Brzezinski no doubt had in mind that, while diversity-loving Palestinians eagerly welcome Jewish settlers to the West Bank, the apartheid-crazed Israelis refuse to allow Arabs to live in Israel.

American journalists sigh with their famous superior weariness about the "cycle of violence"—a phrase that serves in this context as a substitute (or sometimes antidote) for thought. One day we will hear a network newsshow reporter say something like, "Here in the United States, the aimless cycle of violence continues. Criminals murder people, and the police chase them down and arrest them. But does that *end* the violence? Brand new criminals murder more people, and the police arrest *them*, whereupon *new* criminals murder *more* people, tit for tat; where will it all end?" If only the average Israeli cabinet minister had one tenth the wisdom and moral probity of the lowliest office temp at NBC, we would all have it made.

And then there is "rage." Naturally as the death toll from the vicious suicide attacks rose, Israeli rage mounted. But somehow it is always the rage of the Palestinians that is under discussion. Evidently the more Jews they murder, the angrier they get. But never mind, Palestinian rage is noble. Jewish rage is racist, or perhaps invisible.

You might conclude they are all lunatics, these deep thinkers; but they are not. Their statements make perfect sense once you understand the two premises on which they are based. First, history began this morning. Second, dead Jews don't count.

The deep thinkers are outraged because the Israeli Army has inflicted "humiliation" on Palestinians in terrorist breeding grounds. That is the word they keep using: "humiliation." Evidently the Israeli army awoke one morning with nothing better to do than mobilize, strike off into dangerous West Bank villages, and humiliate Palestinians.

Listening to the deep thinkers, you ask yourself: Is it *not* the case that over recent months, terrorists have murdered in cold blood hundreds of Jews (and some Israeli Arabs), smashing them against walls and crushing them under falling roofs, tearing mothers and fathers to pieces alongside their children, lacerating their bodies with shattered glass and jagged metal until blood ran in the streets and body parts were plastered all over the landscape? Did this happen on some other planet? But these murders make no impression on European "peace activists" or suave Arab diplomats or their friends, because the murder of Jews is invisible. The state of Israel (vicious unprincipled institution that it is) has this unwritten law: If you murder Jews, there will be consequences. It is a law that strikes many Europeans and Arabs as so outrageous as to be literally incomprehensible.

Even Israel's good friends (and for that matter many Israelis) have warned the Israel Defense Force against humiliating Palestinians. Palestinians must be treated with dignity. Agreed. But I cannot join the chorus. The words won't come. I am looking at a copy of the Israeli newspaper *Ma'ariv* from a few days ago, with four Israeli soldiers smiling at me from the front page in that awkward, camera-crooked way young men have. All four were killed in one day in the territories. A small death toll by recent Palestinian-atrocity standards; who can even remember? Yet their faces are so familiar I can almost recall their names.

The 30-year-old, Patrick Pereg, who left a wife and small baby. Nissim Ben-David, 22, whose father states that he was a good soul, never complained, and was loved by all the neighbors. What can a father say? "He too has been changed in his turn," Yeats wrote, "transformed utterly." I picture them as students sprawled on sofas, junior businessmen chattering importantly into cell phones. Fathers with small children on their shoulders, surreptitiously patting their wives and looking guilty, arriving on schedule with their noisy families at their parents' door on the first night of Passover, smiling their

David Gelernter is a contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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camera smiles. They had better things to do than go to war and struggle and sweat and ache, their minds blank with strained concentration, and then to be knocked over by a casual bullet and only then, dying, to have the images of their wives and children flood back as they bloodied the streets and curled up in pain. But murderers were stalking their families, and someone had to do something. So we should all scold the Israeli army for not treating the Palestinians better, but I find I am not up to it. Those were my children they died for.

I imagine interviewing one of the deep thinkers.

Q. Listen, Europe: How *should* Israel react to the murder of a dozen Jews a week, or maybe two dozen or three? What do you suggest?

A. You can't end terror by killing and arresting terrorists, confiscating their weapons, and humiliating their Supreme Leader. Perish the thought. Imbecile. The only way Israel can stop terrorist murder is by tendering a generous peace offer.

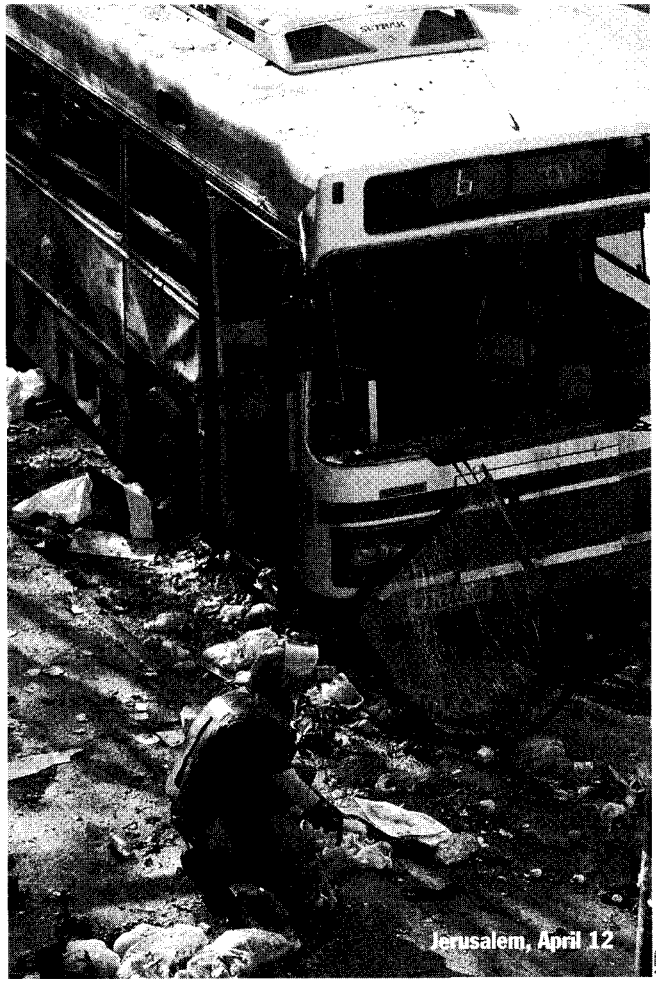
Q. But this wave of terrorism started when Prime Minister Barak tendered a generous peace offer, at the Camp David talks in the summer of 2000. If a generous peace offer created this wave of terrorism, what makes you believe that a generous peace offer can stop it? If stepping on the gas makes the car go, why should it also make the car stop?

A. Do you want to end the violence? Then Israel must return to its '67 borders, period, end of discussion.

Q. Do you recall the peace plan proposed by the U.N.'s mediator in June 1948? That Jordan should get Jerusalem and the Negev, that the city of Haifa and Lod airport should be internationalized, that after a two-year grace period all Jewish immigration should be subject to U.N. approval? . . . And the Arab League rejected it! And you believe that Israel could get peace today by returning to its '67 borders?

A. That was 1948! Irrelevant.

Q. And you think that, compared with 1948, Palestinians today are wiser, more reasonable, more peace-loving?



Jerusalem, April 12

AFP

A. Boundaries are irrelevant. The real moral issue is this: Palestinians who fled during the 1948 war must be allowed to return.

Q. After inviting a huge, murderously hostile Arab population to settle within its borders, could Israel continue to be a Jewish state? Or a free, democratic state? Or a state at all?

A. Jewish states are irrelevant. This is Israel's moral obligation!

Q. But the Jews who poured into Israel by the hundreds of thousands in the first years of the new state, who occupied and took over (yes, it's a fact, they did) homes and lands abandoned by fleeing Palestinians during the '48 War of Independence . . . those Jewish immigrants came from Displaced Persons camps in occupied Germany, from Eastern Europe, from Muslim nations where they feared (with good reason) for their lives. When Israel welcomes back the '48 refugees, will Iraq and Yemen and Germany and Poland and Lithuania and Hungary cheerfully make room for their former Jewish populations? And then will displaced Germans move back into Poland and former Czechoslovakia? And will Poles return to once-Polish lands along the western border of the former Soviet Union? And will Belorussians move east to make room for *them*? And will the whole world eventually return to September 1939? Why do you propose such a lunatic plan? Can't you understand the vast historical wheel whose slow revolving created Israel? Do you think Israel came to be because the world is eager to do things for Jews?

A. After all, you are only a morally obtuse Zionist.

So ends the interview. In the spring of 1938, after the Nazi occupation of Austria, Anna Freud had a chat with her aged father that was overheard and recorded by Freud's physician. She was battling with the Gestapo (with the indispensable help of supporters around the world) to win permission for her family to escape. It was a grim business. After one long day, she said to her father: "Wouldn't it be better if we all killed ourselves?" (Many Austrian Jews had already done so.) Freud said: "Why? Because they would like us to?" ♦

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Homeland Insecurity

By all means, let's have a vigorous debate about internal security. By John J. DiIulio Jr.

Six months after establishing the Office of Homeland Security, President Bush praised its head, former Pennsylvania governor Tom Ridge, for his service in a March 27 speech in South Carolina. Ridge's mission is a huge one: "to develop and coordinate the implementation of a comprehensive national strategy to secure the United States from terrorist threats or attacks."

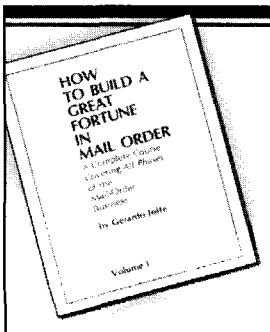
The president's praise is well deserved, but Ridge's historic work has only just begun, and questions remain about how best to do it. By all accounts, Ridge and his staff have worked incredibly hard. Their homeland security blueprint (available at *www.whitehouse.gov*) has several strengths. First, it unsparingly describes just how "vulnerable to terrorism of catastrophic proportions" we are, defining the threat as a "permanent condition" that is bound to grow, not shrink, in the years ahead. Second, it smartly identifies four intersecting paths to achieving greater homeland security: supporting first-responders, defending against biological terrorism, securing America's borders, and using the best information technologies. Third, it wisely acknowledges that "securing the homeland from future terrorist attacks" will necessitate "major new programs and significant reforms by the Federal government," as well as "new or expanded efforts by states and local governments, private industry, non-governmental organizations, and citizens."

Despite some public stumbles (the five-color alert system, for example) and a few embarrassments (like Immigration and Naturalization Service paper-pushers' welcoming dead terrorists to stay in America), Ridge's office and the rest of the administration should be credited with quickly translating parts of the homeland security blueprint into new laws and administrative actions, from more sky marshals to more Coast Guard cutters, from tougher anti-money-laundering statutes to stronger surveillance of electronic communications. The administration's 2003 budget almost doubles total homeland security spending to $37.7 billion, and would advance the entire spectrum of homeland security priorities—purchasing smallpox vaccines, doing more to ensure drinking water safety, increasing border patrols, and dozens of other needs.

Still, are America's airports, seaports, nuclear facilities, dams, water and sewer systems, electric power plants, bridges, national monuments, government buildings, skyscrapers, big cities, small towns, sports arenas, and suburban shopping centers safer today than they were in the immediate aftermath of September 11, and, if so, are they safer at least in part thanks to federal initiatives as coordinated by Governor Ridge?

I think so. For all we know or may ever know, Ridge's office may have greatly reduced our susceptibility to all manner of threats and attacks. Nevertheless, the still sorry state of

Contributing editor John J. DiIulio Jr. is a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute.



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airport security; continued communication failures between federal and local law enforcement; public health systems as ill-organized and underfunded today as they were on September 10; and far too many other homeland security dangers remain largely or completely unabated.

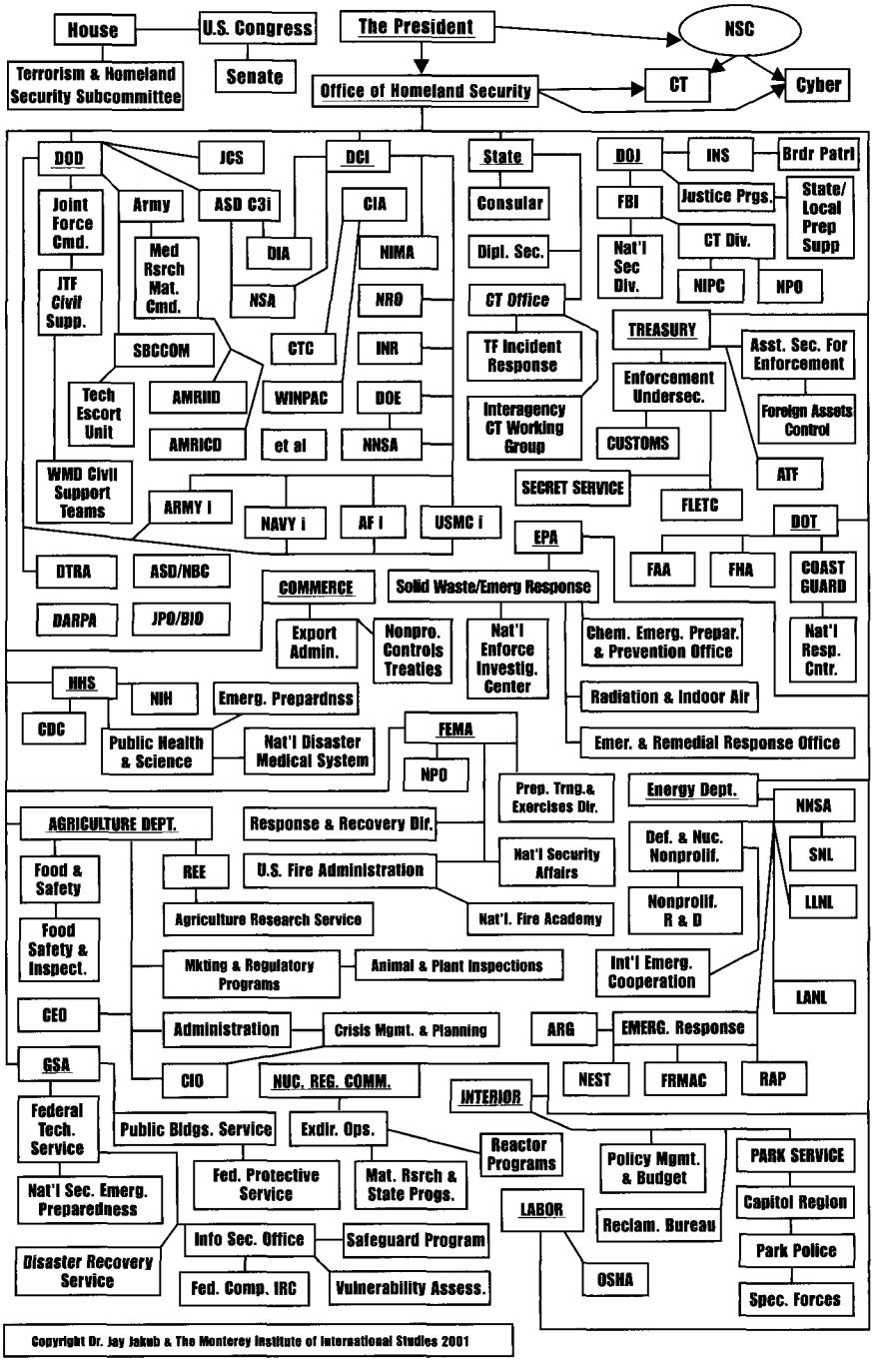
Recently, the White House has been negotiating with Senate Democrats who want Ridge to testify. The administration has rejected their requests, citing Ridge's non-cabinet role as a West Wing presidential confidant. Meanwhile, Senators Joseph Lieberman and Arlen Specter have introduced legislation to establish a cabinet-level Department of Homeland Security that would encompass the Coast Guard, Customs Service, Federal Emergency Management Agency, and parts of the INS and the FBI.

Whatever the politics involved, it is prudent and in the public interest for Congress to debate whether Ridge's office is the best means in the long term of achieving a more secure homeland. Rather than stand on separation-of-powers ceremony, the administration should welcome Ridge's testifying in public on Capitol Hill, and use the occasion forthrightly to challenge congressional leaders in both parties on what exactly they would have the executive branch do on homeland security. In particular, the administration, which has indicated its willingness to consider replacing Ridge's office with a full-dress federal department, should openly debate the Lieberman-Specter bill and other plans for accomplishing this.

If Ridge steps up, members of Congress had better be prepared. For, truth be told, the biggest barriers to an effective federal homeland security effort do not reside in the executive branch. Rather, Congress itself, acting over many decades, has created, overseen, and politically protected an absolutely hidebound, turf-conscious, government-by-proxy bureaucratic crazy-quilt. As explained in *Improving Government Performance*, a 1993 Brookings Institution study I co-authored, because of congressional, not executive, decision-making, "the federal bureaucracy has evolved through agency-by-agency, procedure-by-procedure, program-by-program responses to problems as they appeared."

Thus, the diagram below is only a slight caricature of the impossible "coordination" challenge that Ridge faces. Asked at an October 18 press conference about public anxiety over flying and anthrax, Ridge candidly replied:

> I don't have tactical or operational authority. These men and women throughout this government have for years—for years have had experience in the areas for which they



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presently work for the United States Government and for the American people. . . . These men and women are doing an extraordinary job. . . . See how quickly CDC responded; FBI and the CIA and the Department of Justice, everybody collaborating in their efforts. It is strong. The president said to me, "Make it stronger." That's my task. But I don't have operational authority.

Ridge's Senate interrogators, however, will need to explain how merging a few agencies and parts of agencies into a single department will improve anyone's ability to "coordinate the executive branch's efforts to detect, prepare for, prevent, protect against, respond to, and recover from terrorist attacks within the United States."

Some bigger questions of governance lurk right beneath the surface of this pending debate. For instance, the administration's homeland security blueprint emphasizes that "the structure of American governance" makes it "impossible to achieve the goal of homeland security through Federal activity and expense alone." True, but does it follow thereby that the effort to keep terrorists at bay must rely almost entirely on "the principle of partnership with state and local governments, the private sector, and citizens"? For example, in the event of a major bioterrorist attack some mid-afternoon on a big city, are we really to rely heavily on volunteer first-responders and "Citizen Preparedness Councils," or ought we not create a national network of full-time, trained professionals whose job it is to respond first, last, and always?

More fundamentally, most would agree that battling state-sponsored terrorism abroad requires the nation to exercise certain big-government muscles. The U.S. military, not state militias or neighborhood crimewatch patrols, invaded Afghanistan. Battling state-sponsored terrorism on the domestic front arguably also requires government agencies at all levels to administer reliable jurisdiction-specific and inter-governmental emergency-response, disaster-relief, information-sharing, and other homeland security-focused agencies and programs that do not rely overmuch on citizen-volunteers or private contractors.

It was the New York City Fire Department, a large local bureaucracy peopled by trained professionals with heroic hearts, that rushed to ground zero. Shortly after September 11, most Democrats were prepared to support federalizing airport security workers. But what if, after careful debate and examination, it seems that the best way for the federal government to promote homeland security in the danger-filled decades ahead is to develop a brand new department complete with, say, a half-million full-time federal public health, border patrol, information technology, law enforcement, crisis management, and other workers? Members of Congress, not just administration officials, have lots of fresh thinking to do. ♦

Congress Gorges on Pork

Now members can earmark billions, with a handy computerized form. BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

WITH THE EXCEPTION of air and perhaps water, no substance known to man is less in need of marketing than food. Everyone eats. That fact hasn't stopped Congress from setting aside $484,000 for the Food Marketing Policy Center in Storrs, Connecticut. Indeed, that sum is just the latest in an ongoing effort—$5.5 million since 1989—to assist the center with its research "on food and agricultural marketing and related policy questions."

Since last fall, when Congress passed the 13 appropriations bills that fund most government operations, analysts at several Washington watchdog groups have combed through the fine print to identify for taxpayers hundreds of pork projects. As is the case every year, many of them are hilarious:

- $190,000 for a car-racing museum in South Carolina
- $273,000 to fight the incursions of the "Goth" subculture in a wealthy Kansas City suburb
- $425,000 for a museum honoring the "Mad Potter of Biloxi"
- $1.2 million for soccer fields in California and Washington, D.C.
- $2 million for kilns in Alaska

But two developments this year make such obvious waste distinctly less funny: the explosion in the number of pork projects, and the ongoing efforts by congressional appropriators to streamline the pork process, making it *easier* for their colleagues to fund pet projects.

Most federal funding is awarded on a competitive basis and must be authorized by the appropriate congressional committee. So a request for funds for, say, a biology research lab at the University of Wisconsin would be judged against similar requests from other schools and, in theory at least, awarded to the highest-performing institution. Projects known as "earmarks," which account for most pork-barrel spending, take both the competition and the oversight out of the process and simply send the money to a congressman's favored institution.

Earmarks happen for obvious rea-

Stephen F. Hayes is staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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Subcommittee on Transportation and Related Agencies

Fiscal Year 2003

HIGHWAY AND TRANSIT PROJECT QUESTIONNAIRE

Highway Projects | Bus Transit Projects | Rail Transit Projects

HIGHWAY PROJECTS:

If you are applying for a highway earmark, please provide the following information:

1. Provide requesting Member's name and state.
2. Provide the project name. (Please provide the project name exactly as you would like to see it referenced in any bill or report language -- including any special location identifiers needed, such as city or county).
3. List the federal-aid highway discretionary programs under which this project would be eligible.
4. Provide the total amount of funding you are seeking in FY 2003 and identify amounts received in the past (both federal and local) in the following format.

	Federal	Non-Federal
Total Project Cost		
Prior to 2003 Funding (detail by year)		
2003 Funding Request		
Post 2003 Funding (detail by year)		

sons. Typically, members want to subvert the competitive process for potential grant recipients in their districts. This is especially true if such funding requests have previously foundered in the competitive process. A would-be grantee in such a case contacts his member of Congress and asks to obtain funding through an earmark. The political motivation for earmarks is clear: Members can send press releases and cut ribbons to show how hard they're working on behalf of their constituents.

Early last year, President Bush's budget director, Mitch Daniels, launched a campaign to identify and eliminate, or at least minimize, earmarks. Daniels audaciously suggested that what he calls "pieces of spending specifically designated by a member of Congress" be judged on (a) their necessity, and (b) their effectiveness. Appropriators huffed and puffed about executive branch encroachment, and they downplayed their excesses by pointing out that earmarking accounts for very little of the overall federal budget.

Daniels didn't buy that argument then, and he doesn't buy it now. "Every dollar you spend frivolously comes out of every taxpayer's pocket," he says. "And in many cases, these earmarks distort worthy government goals."

You might think that the attacks on September 11 shifted dramatically the nature of the debate—and spending priorities—in favor of those worthy goals. In the face of immediate and grave threats to Americans' security, politicians no longer have the luxury of spending weeks debating the merits of, say, midnight basketball programs or saving endangered suckerfish.

Think again. The last-minute money grab that has come to typify the appropriations process has only grown worse. According to the numbers compiled by the nonpartisan Citizens Against Government Waste, pork projects have increased 32 percent this year, reaching a total of $20.1 billion. Even as members of Congress publicly spoke of the sacrifices necessary to fight a war on terrorism, they managed to slip another $1.6 billion of self-aggrandizing spending into the budget. Sen. John McCain, with typical outspokenness, calls it "war-profiteering." Says McCain, "The American taxpayer has never been more ill-served than they have in the past year."

Given the history of how taxpayers have been served, that might be a stretch. But it's certainly the case that there is a trend toward more and more earmarks. The number of pork projects has nearly quadrupled—from 2,143 to 8,341—in the last three years alone. "Congress is earmarking these things at a pace that is faster than the projects can be completed," says Ron Utt, a senior fellow at the Heritage Foundation. "They can't even keep up with their own greed." And perhaps most striking, the appropriators are coming up with tools to streamline the process of earmarking.

In mid-February, Senate appropriations staffer Nancy Olkewicz sent an e-mail that has the anti-pork crowd astonished by its brazenness. "This year, in addition to the member request letter, we are requesting that all offices submit their requests on our Microsoft Access worksheet," she wrote to all 100 Senate offices. "We believe this program will improve the tracking and management of project requests and member priorities."

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The e-mail asks each Senate office to submit a list of pet projects, along with staff and local contacts. In addition, senators must name the project—"i.e., STOP THE VIOLENCE, or Redsnapper Research"—and "identify the person, department or organization that will be receiving these funds (i.e. Harris County Sheriff's Department, South Carolina Department of Natural Resources)."

"Apparently they were getting so many requests that they couldn't keep track," says David Williams, vice president for policy at Citizens Against Government Waste. "So now they're using technology, which the government never does, to make porking easier."

Legislators apparently feel no need to hide what was once understood as a shady practice. The House Appropriations Committee's public website features earmark request forms for three subcommittees.

"In the old days, when there were maybe 100 pork projects, it was simple to keep track of who wanted what project," explains Utt. "An appropriator might walk the halls of Congress with requests on slips of paper stuffed in his pocket. Now, there's no sense of shame. There's no embarrassment. It's an indication of just how out of control this is."

Matthew Lesko, the dork in the purple suit who screams about "free government money" in his TV commercials, isn't the only one who has recognized this giveaway. Lobbying firms are beefing up their earmark acquisition practices, and colleges and universities are increasingly hiring full-time lobbyists to ensure that they get their share.

At a press conference last week to unveil the "Pig Book" that Citizens Against Government Waste releases each year, a reporter pointed to two live pigs at the front of the room, and asked McCain about the difference between the pigs and his fellow members of Congress.

"The animals are very well behaved, as far as I can tell," McCain replied. "They're not eating anyone else's food." ♦

WILLIAM J. BENNETT

Strengthens Our Resolve in the War on Terror

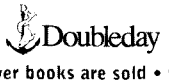
WHY WE FIGHT

MORAL CLARITY AND THE WAR ON TERRORISM

WILLIAM J. BENNETT

As our country enters the next phase of its mission to put an end to terrorism, dissent among a small but influential group of writers, members of the media, and academics continues to undermine the nation's confidence in its purpose. In this thoughtful examination of America's position in the war on terror,

William J. Bennett solidly reaffirms the just nature of our cause in the fight to preserve our cherished freedom.



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London on One Mugging a Day

The British crime invasion.

BY IRWIN M. STELZER

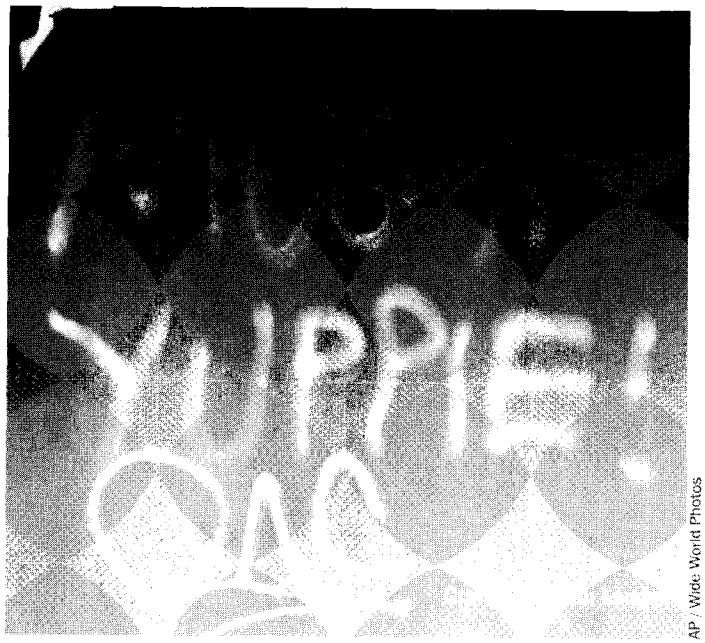
London

THINKING OF VISITING London? Great idea. Airfares are low, the weather is fine, the chance of contracting mad cow disease has fallen from infinitesimal to zero, and the talented British actors tread the boards of the West End and National theaters with their usual skill and verve.

But leave your Rolex at home. At least once each day someone here is mugged for his or her Rolex, and typically badly mauled in the process. And if you hire a car and driver to show you around, make sure the driver is reasonably expert in evasive tactics. Liza Minnelli and her latest husband were recently being driven in their limousine when it stopped for a traffic light and thugs reached into the open window to try to snatch the comeback entertainer's necklace.

Liza was lucky: Her trained driver put the pedal to the floor. But others are not so lucky. The papers carry daily reports of drivers hauled from their cars in broad daylight by weapons-toting thugs who then sell the vehicle for parts (if it is a lower-priced car) or for shipment to middle Europe.

A casual stroller on London's streets is now six times more likely to be mugged than is a New Yorker who walks about Giuliani-pacified New York. Soon-to-be-released figures will show that the British robbery rate is up in the last three years by 25 percent, 13 percent, and 26 percent. Some 80 percent of these crimes are street robberies. The home secretary, in charge of Britain's police and the protection of its citizens, concedes that "people don't feel safe" because of "the thuggery and violence in our streets."



AP / Wide World Photos

And not only the city streets. The murder rate in Derbyshire quadrupled in the past year, doubled in Essex, and increased by 75 percent in Hertfordshire. In Cheshire, regarded as one of the safest counties, there have been eight murders in the past year, compared to none the year before.

But London is where the problem is most visible, or at least most widely reported. Dinner conversations in the city are now dominated by tales of who was mugged or burgled, a topic paradoxically discussed along with the huge increase in London house prices. St. James's in 2002 sounds like the Upper East Side of Manhattan, circa 1990. New Labour London is now Old Democrat New York.

No surprise. More than a decade ago, Charles Murray came to Britain, visited its housing estates (our projects) and prisons, and concluded that an emerging underclass would soon make life difficult in Britain, as unsocialized youngsters grew up to become "violent chronic criminals." He was right. Many of the worst multiple offenders are teenagers, who seem as eager to commit violence as to snatch mobile phones, purses, and wallets. And with the rise in the drug trade, guns, once virtually unused by crooks or cops, have become common. Again, no surprise: The increase in guns in the hands of the bad guys coincides with the adoption of legislation that took them out of the hands of law-abiding citizens, making it safer for burglars to enter occupied homes, a crime more common now than ever.

The sad fact is that crime does indeed pay. Only three out of every 100 offenses against people or property lead to a conviction or what the British call a "caution" (please don't do it again or we will issue another caution). Youngsters with over 100 proven offenses are often let off with a "caution" not to visit their local malls. The government says its jails are overcrowded, and it is disinclined to build more. It worries that conditions in its prisons are unpleasant, without explaining why such unpleasantness might not usefully discourage return visits.

Irwin M. Stelzer is a contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD *and a columnist for the* Sunday Times *(London).*

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This is only one of the things that are demoralizing Britain's bobbies. London spends about as much on policing as does New York, but New York has 50 percent more police. The money in London goes to overtime for police who rarely venture out of their police stations, and to pensions for cops with often trumped-up permanent disabilities. There is no computer system along the lines of those Rudy Giuliani installed to put the cops where the crime is, on a daily basis.

But there is a great deal of paper work. In response to charges of racism, the police abandoned a stop-and-search program. Predictably, street crime soared, so much so that newspapers serving the black community demanded the reinstitution of stop-and-search. The government obliged, but ordered the police to prepare a written report of each such maneuver, including the reason that prompted them to stop the suspect, and give one copy to the suspect, presumed to wait patiently for this addition to his library, and file one copy at the station. By one estimate this would add up to five million reports every year, assuming that the cops are not deterred by this silliness from stopping anyone. It is difficult to imagine Giuliani splitting the difference between those who want the laws enforced and those who are concerned that the civil rights of potential crooks be preserved by burying the police under a mound of paper.

All of this has a cost, a portion of it measurable. House insurance in high-burglary areas is twice that of safer ones; car insurance costs are half-again as much. Private police now patrol some of London's tonier streets. Burglar alarms and other devices are absolutely required in London homes and flats, although the police, harassed by false alarms due to technically deficient homeowners or the poor quality of telephone lines, are reluctant to respond to such calls for help.

Whether this dreary record of a government that pledged to be "tough on crime, tough on the causes of crime" in an effort to appease both the harried middle class and the left wing of the Labour party will cause London to fall victim to New York's onetime disease remains to be seen. Those who can remember the days of David Dinkins and his police commissioner Ray Kelly (the latter now reinstalled in that post by Mayor Bloomberg) will recall that tourists shunned the city, and major corporations, unable to attract executive talent to its dangerous streets, left in droves.

London remains a lovely city, with a proliferation of new, trendy restaurants now filling the one gap in its attractions for the urban-inclined. But it is now a city to be visited with a New Yorker's onetime alertness to footsteps behind you on a dark street. The Brits knighted Rudy Giuliani in recognition of his heroic performance on and after September 11. Perhaps their new knight can don his armor and advise them how to deal with out-of-control thugs. ♦

Michael Ramirez

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New Genetics, Old Quandaries

Debating the biotech utopia

By Eric Cohen

In January, the President's Council on Bioethics began its first meeting with a reading of Nathaniel Hawthorne's story "The Birthmark," a parable of a scientist's obsessive effort to remove a "crimson stain" from his wife's cheek. It is about the mad quest for perfection—the revolt against "sin, sorrow, decay, and death"—that ends with the destruction of its momentarily perfected subject.

Fortunately, most Americans—and most scientists—are not so mad. But the animating myth of both modern democratic politics and modern technology is that misfortune is not inevitable, and that health and happiness are possible for everyone. We do not worship progress. We don't believe it is our "destiny." But we think and act as if progress is always possible, and the future will always be better than the past.

President Bush expressed this spirit at the end of his speech last week on the dangers of human cloning: "I'm an incurable optimist about the future of our country. I know we can achieve great things. We can make the world more peaceful, we can become a more compassionate nation, we can push the limits of medical science." Even as he called upon scientists to respect moral limits that many of them wish to deny, the president celebrated the coming "age of genetic medicine, a time when many of the most feared illnesses" might be "overcome." Even as he documented what he deemed to be morally grotesque biological experiments already underway both at home and abroad, he affirmed the American capacity to "pursue medical research with a clear sense of moral purpose."

One has to admire America's "incurable optimism." Unlike Europe, which seems to have arrived (or believes it has arrived) at the end of history, America still believes there is work to do, and therefore responsibilities to meet.

Eric Cohen is a resident scholar at the Ethics and Public Policy Center and co-editor of The Future is Now: America Confronts the New Genetics.

But there is a danger, too, in living too much for the future. C.S. Lewis explained this in the guise of "Uncle Screwtape," a senior devil giving advice on how to tempt human beings away from "the Enemy" (i.e., the good). As he put it: "We want a man hagridden by the Future—haunted by visions of an imminent heaven or hell upon earth—ready to break the Enemy's commands in the Present if by doing so we make him think he can attain the one or avert the other."

The belief that the future will be better than the past—indeed, that it cannot be otherwise—is at the very heart of the American biotechnology project. As biotech spokesman Carl Feldbaum declared at last year's industry conference: "Our revolution is about more than science. Make no mistake, it touches the whole earth, potentially every individual, and we have to keep faith with global society. Only then will we be doing our jobs and delivering on the promise of our distinct revolution which so far, we can all be very, very proud of."

But is the genetic revolution good for us? Is it a "revolution" at all? Is it happening "now"? And is this revolution utopian or bourgeois? Does it expand the American commitment to equality by making those with Jefferson's "saddles on their backs" (diseases, disabilities, mediocrity) more equal? Or does the coming age of genetic choice and control threaten to unravel our commitment to equality by enshrining the principle that only some lives are fit to live?

The first question is whether there is in fact a genetic revolution and whether the key moment is now. After all, many of the arguments and dilemmas in the current biotech debate are very old: the clash of religion and science; the humanitarian desire to relieve man's estate, and the moral hazard of seeking such relief by any means possible; the promise of technology to improve the human condition, and the danger that our technological hubris will lead to the abolition, self-destruction, or degradation of man.

Moreover, the debates themselves—over human

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cloning in particular and genetic manipulation in general—are also not new. Leon Kass, the chairman of the President's Council on Bioethics, and Joshua Lederberg, the Nobel Prize-winning geneticist, debated the ethics of human cloning in the *Washington Post* in 1967. James D. Watson, the co-discoverer of the structure of DNA, testified before Congress about human cloning in 1971, declaring, "If we do not think about it now, the possibility of our having a free choice will, one day, suddenly be gone." And the Christian ethicist Paul Ramsey addressed cloning in 1970 in *Fabricated Man: The Ethics of Genetic Control*. "To soar so high above an eminently human parenthood," he wrote, "is inevitably to fall far below—into a vast technological alienation of man."

Finally, we are already, in important ways, a "eugenic" society. We already tolerate or embrace surgical enhancements of our physical appearance, for no other reason than individual desire, and with no limit except our ability to pay. We already advertise, on billboards and in television commercials, drugs like Zoloft and Paxil, which promise to make anxious people "happy" and imperfect lives more perfect. Some of us already pick and choose embryos based on their genetic characteristics or sex, taking what we like and discarding what we don't.

Peter Steiner

And so, our problem is not simply or predominantly a lack of ethical dialogue or forethought about where the new genetics might take us. Our dilemma is that biological and genetic science proceeds apace—one advance at a time—untroubled by the futuristic ethics (or moral backlash) it often inspires, or by the many commissions that have met to discuss what biotechnology means for society. Descartes, among others, saw what it means centuries ago: "that we could be free of an infinitude of maladies both of body and mind, and even also possibly of the infirmities of age, if we had sufficient knowledge of their causes, and of all the remedies with which nature has provided us." Whether such "freedom" is truly possible, and whether it is compatible with the technological power that is its precondition, is what we may now be finding out.

With this in mind, I want to suggest three reasons why this moment is both distinct and important for confronting the new genetics, and why the new genetics is different, in degree if not in kind, from medical progress heretofore. I also want to suggest that American optimism about our capacity to shape the future for our benefit—to make life better than it is—may need to refocus itself on governing the very technology that claims to do just that. This requires, paradoxically, an optimism about our capacity to accept the imperfections of life, lest we endanger the human goods and moral responsibilities that such realism makes possible; and lest, like Hawthorne's scientist, we destroy the beauty of the one we love, so to speak, in a misguided effort to make her better.

The first reason this moment is important is simply that a wave of biological and genetic advances has occurred over the last few years. In 1997, we cloned a mammal; in 1998, we isolated human embryonic stem cells; in 2000, we completed the "first draft" of the entire human genome; and in 2001, we cloned human embryos (though scientists in China may have done this even earlier). At the same time, research proceeds in novel areas like artificial wombs, man-animal hybrids, and the screening of embryos according to their genetic traits. Much of what was predicted in the 1970s seems to be coming to pass, if not always as quickly or dramatically as many promised and feared.

Moreover, the new genetics, while it appeals to the established goals of modern biomedical science—freedom from "the maladies both of body and mind"—seems dif-

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ferent in important ways. For one thing, it allows one generation to choose the natural characteristics of the next. And the changes we make to ourselves—for example, by altering the chemical workings of the brain—may be so perfectly implemented that the self-medicating "patients" lose the capacity to know what they have become. The modifications themselves will predetermine our judgment about whether such alterations are good—by making us people who cannot imagine life without them.

There seems to be widespread repugnance at the idea of parents designing children to the specifications of Olympic athletes or master pianists, or elites designing subordinates who aspire to nothing more than serving their maker's needs. But what about the more apparently benign uses of genetic control—such as boosting the intelligence of a child who is below average, or ensuring that a new child is a genetic match for an existing child in need of an organ transplant, or screening out children with a greater likelihood of developing dreaded diseases?

The answer to this question—Why not design our offspring "for their benefit"?—has to do with the kind of people we would have to become to perform such experiments in the first place, and the kind of world that such a genetic disposition seems to lead to. Indeed, the willingness to make the next generation something "better"—to test one's hypotheses on one's offspring—is also a willingness to gamble with their well-being. The supposedly beneficent reasons for genetically improving future generations and the moral disregard it would require are in direct conflict.

The second reason this moment is important and distinct is that the use of biotechnology by illiberal regimes—like China—is coming into full view. Chinese eugenics and Chinese "medicine"—including mandatory abortions, state regulation of child-rearing, and the harvesting of organs from the living—are by now well known. But in our own optimism about biological and genetic progress—and the belief that the new technology is, in essence, not dangerous but life-affirming—we have thought little about how our advances will be used by nations with less respect for human life than we now have, or whether the similarity between our science and theirs might suggest something is amiss in the ethics of our own research. Two examples will suffice:

* In recent months, American researchers announced advances in both artificial wombs and in the promise of cells taken from cow fetuses (not embryos, but fetuses) for curing terrible diseases. Also, Chinese scientists announced that they have successfully cloned embryos using rabbit eggs and human DNA. And so, does anyone doubt that, if and when it becomes possible, Chinese scientists will harvest cloned human fetuses for research and experiments?

* Last month, Francis Collins, head of the Human Genome Project, delivered a lecture on advances in the human genome, stating his belief that within a few years we'll be able to isolate and test for numerous genetic disorders. Around the same time, there was a series of reports of parents using pre-implantation genetic screening (i.e., tests of embryos in the laboratory) and abortion to select babies with or without particular traits. Does anyone doubt that the Chinese, if and when it becomes possible, will use our knowledge of the genome and our techniques of genetic screening to produce children made-to-specification, a practice we still claim to find repugnant?

And so, while we might pursue such technologies for what seem to us good reasons, our capacity to criticize biology's evil uses—our capacity to make the case for human rights against those regimes that ignore them—may one day be compromised if our technology makes us more like them, rather than them more like us.

Finally, the political and moral culture of the nation has changed since the late 1960s and early 1970s, when the last great debate over biogenetic technology took place. It has changed in part because of the triumph of the "pro-choice" doctrine in abortion, entailing as it does the belief that the moral status of the unborn is determined by the mother's subjective will. This leaves us in the odd position of trying to oppose the "modification" or "improvement" of nascent human life in a society that allows its destruction for any reason at all. This dilemma has become apparent on an issue like sex-selection of embryos, which many feminists find troubling, and yet difficult to oppose given their defense of abortion.

These issues have been taken up most forcefully in the current debate over cloning, which reveals a series of political divisions. For one thing, the same cloning researchers whom roughly half the Senate sees as medical heroes, the other half sees as renegades whose experiments undermine our respect for human life and should be deterred with criminal penalties. This is the culture war at its sharpest.

The cloning debate also exposes deep conflicts within both liberalism and conservatism. There is the conflict between libertarians and social conservatives on the right, and between greens and quality-of-life liberals on the left. Greens and social conservatives believe the new biotechnology can be used to corrupt nature and human nature, and that government has a role in regulating to prevent its misuse. Libertarians and quality-of-life liberals believe the new biotechnology serves both a more perfect freedom (from suffering, rules, and physical restraints) and a more perfect equality (for the sick, disabled, and dissatisfied,

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who no longer have to endure the sting of their "unequal" condition).

But at a deeper level, the biotech debate will reveal the perhaps shaky foundations of late-bourgeois life itself, which, for all its rejection of utopianism on a grand scale, may have opened the door to utopianism on a small one. Indeed, the moral defense of capitalism once rested firmly on a belief in the limited wisdom and virtue of human beings, a belief that man is unequipped to make heaven on earth. Now bio-capitalists seem to be promising just that.

And where liberalism once rested its moral argument on an unflinching commitment to the principle that "all men are created equal," our leading liberals now defend (or seem willing to tolerate) picking and choosing future human beings according to their superior traits. In doing so, they follow the lead of John Rawls, who suggested this new liberalism three decades ago. It is, he wrote,

> in the interest of each to have greater natural assets. This enables him to pursue a preferred plan of life. In the original position, then, the parties want to insure for their descendants the best genetic endowment (assuming their own to be fixed). The pursuit of reasonable policies in this regard is something that earlier generations owe to later ones, this being a question that arises between generations. Thus over time a society is to take steps at least to preserve the general level of natural abilities and to prevent the diffusion of serious defects.

It would, of course, be silly to deny the value of health, well-being, and "greater natural assets." Health is a blessing, not to be trivialized by the healthy. And excellence is a gift, perhaps even more than it is an achievement. But it is at least worth noting that the more biologically improved we become, the less willing we may be to accept imperfection—or the imperfect. And the more we come to believe that life can be fixed, mastered, and ordered to our liking, the less prepared we may be for the disorder and disaster inherent in our mortal condition.

If this is correct, then liberal "compassion," which seeks to solve the problems of man by technologically overcoming (or weeding out) his "birthmarks," may be well on its way to deconstructing itself. And bourgeois realism about the limited aims of human striving—health, self-improvement, commerce—may be conducive to a failure of realism about what man is: both the evils he is capable of, and the vulnerability and need for courage that ultimately define him.

And yet, the fact that we are now engaged in a great debate about these questions—about the meaning of human procreation and healing, of experiments using nascent human life, of personal makeovers and custom-made descendants, of self-government in the realm of biotechnology—is encouraging. Nothing has been finally decided. We will continue to make arguments and cast votes—such as whether to ban human cloning—and as long as we do, there is every reason to remain, if not incurably optimistic, at least moderately so. ♦

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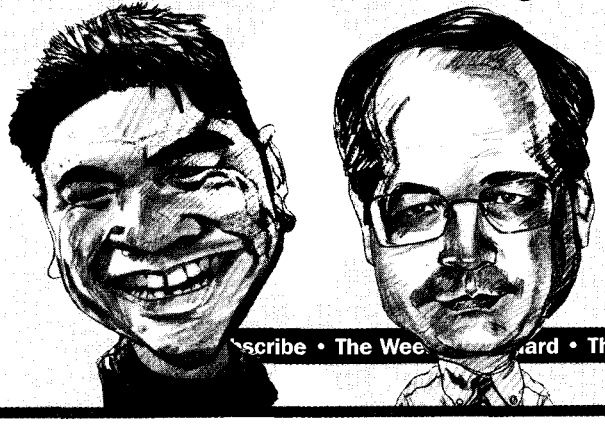

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Appeasing the Race Hustlers

A year after the riots, Cincinnati rewards the rioters.

By Heather Mac Donald

Anyone tempted to dismiss the slavery reparations movement should take a look at Cincinnati. A year after rioters beat white drivers and burned and looted businesses, their spokesmen have shaken down the city for tens of millions of dollars in social spending and police monitoring mechanisms. And the riot apologists are not done. Scorning a recent settlement as "insultingly insufficient," they vow to continue a destructive boycott until the city coughs up another $200 million. Racial extortion is alive and well in America.

Cincinnati's nightmare began April 7, 2001. A 19-year-old with 14 outstanding war-rants led the police on a 2 A.M. chase through Over-the-Rhine, Cincinnati's most violent neighborhood. One pursuing officer turned a corner and came face-to-face with the fleeing man, Timothy Thomas, who appeared to be reaching for a gun. The officer shot him dead. The victim proved to be unarmed.

AP / Wide World Photos

A Cincinnati protester, April 9, 2001

Thomas immediately became a martyr to "police brutality," his name joining a list of 14 others killed by the Cincinnati police over the previous five years. Those "martyrs" included an axe-murderer, a pistol-whipping sadist, a fleeing bank robber, and an armed car thief, all of whom had tried to kill the police before they were shot. Such circumstances mattered not to Cincinnati's police-bashers, who brandished the phrase "fifteen black men" as a synonym for cop racism.

Two days after Thomas's death, rioting broke out in Over-the-Rhine and elsewhere. For Cincinnati's race industry, the timing was perfect. Two weeks earlier, an obscure protest group called the Black United Front, led by the Rev. Damon Lynch III, had filed a racial profiling suit against the city. Their evidence was ridiculously weak. Typical was the lead plaintiff's claim that he had been stopped and harassed merely because of his race. He neglected to disclose that he had refused to stop after weaving across the yellow line, though signaled to pull over by a patrol car. The pleadings made no effort to show statistically that stop rates were disproportionate to law-breaking—the bare minimum for showing racial profiling—and the suit's play for class-action status was laughable.

Having only reluctantly crushed the riots, Mayor Charlie Luken and the City Council were still desperate to demonstrate racial sensitivity. So rather than contest

Heather Mac Donald is a contributing editor at the Manhattan Institute's City Journal *and the author of* The Burden of Bad Ideas: How Modern Intellectuals Misshape Our Society.

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the suit, they voted to "mediate" its settlement. And even though Damon Lynch's demagoguery had inflamed the rioters, the mayor named him to a new three-man racial reconciliation committee, Community Action Now (CAN).

The city soon discovered the futility of appeasement. From his perch atop CAN, where he was supposed to be healing racial divisions, Lynch merely cranked up the volume of his tirades. He routinely denounced the city for practicing "economic apartheid." He and his followers called the police murderers, rapists, and terrorists, and railed against the "unjust system of absolute oppression" under which Cincinnati blacks are forced to live.

Such rhetoric could not be further from the truth. Cincinnati is a friendly, well-meaning town, whose major corporations have practiced affirmative action for years and contribute generously to whatever social uplift program is being peddled at the moment. Blacks have long sat on the City Council and in the city manager's chair. There is no evidence that the police single out minorities.

Cincinnati does suffer from a high school dropout rate of between 60 percent and 70 percent. In poor minority neighborhoods, knots of young men mill around selling drugs or just hanging out. Contrary to Lynch, it is not racism that prevents them from getting jobs at local giant Procter & Gamble, but their own lack of skills.

However unmoored from reality, Lynch's vendetta worked. Bill Cosby, Wynton Marsalis, Whoopi Goldberg, a 3,000-room Baptist Convention, and several music festivals canceled engagements under pressure from Lynch's boycotters, at a cost of $10 million, estimates the *Cincinnati Post*.

More devastating than the national publicity has been the boycott's effect on regional tourism. Cincinnati's crucial suburban patrons have been scared away by continuous coverage of the city's alleged racial problems. Lynch's boycotters are always careful to mention the possibility of more "unrest" should the city not provide "justice." As a result, the areas most damaged by last April's riots are still struggling to survive.

The greatest victims of the boycott are poor, law-abiding minorities, who can't find jobs in the city's hotels and restaurants, and who now risk paying for the riots with their lives. Cincinnati's police became less assertive after last April, having been constantly called murderers, and told that if they have "too many" law enforcement interactions with minorities, it's because they are racist. What followed was the bloodiest summer in Cincinnati history. Black men shot each other at a rate nearly 20 times higher than the rate at which Cincinnati's police officers had killed the infamous "fifteen black men."

And the crime wave has still not abated. In the first two months of 2002, crime was up 39 percent over the same period last year, but arrests were down 10 percent. Homicides may exceed last year's record-breaking number.

For this wanton destruction, Cincinnati awarded Lynch the ultimate prize on April 4, 2002: settlement of the racial profiling lawsuit, and many other goodies, just in time for the one-year anniversary of the riots. The changes in police procedures and oversight will cost up to $20 million over five years. Add to that another $50 million for redundant social services, and $1 billion in school construction, and you're talking real money, especially on top of the city's $27 million budget deficit. The corporate community has been shaken down as well, agreeing to pick up the plaintiffs' $600,000 attorneys tab, and promising 25 percent minority set-asides in a riverfront development project, notwithstanding a shortage of minority contractors.

True to form, Lynch responded with contempt to the settlement, even as he signed it. The boycott would continue, he said, until the city granted amnesty to the riot thugs and coughed up more money. As if to underscore his threats, Cincinnati's annual rhythm and blues festival—worth $25 million to the city—announced its cancellation for 2002 just two days after Lynch reaffirmed the boycott.

Most galling to Cincinnati's law-abiding citizens, however, was Lynch's glorification of the riots on their one-year anniversary. "Understand the power not just of April 7 [when Timothy Thomas was shot], but of April 9th through 11th [the riot days]," he told protesters commemorating the shooting. "The only reason you have a [mayor's race relations panel] is . . . because people hit the streets."

The tragedy of Cincinnati is that it contains a trove of responsible blacks who utterly reject such celebrations of criminality, yet the city leadership has given them no voice. "When will the city say: 'You can't negotiate wrongdoing'?" despairs Tom Jones, arguably Cincinnati's most courageous man. "It's beyond belief and understanding that the city would negotiate with Lynch. It's like paying a ransom: The more you pay, the more demands they'll place on you."

Jones has been fighting drug dealers since moving his printing business to Cincinnati in 1995, a crusade that has earned him death threats, bullets, and the vicious enmity of race protesters, who detest his vocal support for the police. "Every effort from black militant groups is to push the police out," he observes. "But what is Cincin-

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nati going to be without the police? If you got rid of the cops for even a day, this city would be in turmoil." Jones scoffs at the notion that the police are targeting black men because of their skin color. "If you're hanging out at this particular corner at this particular time, you're going to be stopped, period," he asserts.

Pastor Ed Gaines of the Calvary Chapel is equally heartsick at the city's capitulation to "the mob." Lynch's celebration of the rioters "sends the most devastatingly negative message that could ever be: that violence is the way to justice," Gaines laments. "Someone with authority should stand up and speak the truth. If we keep on appeasing, we'll be like Pilate handing over Jesus."

The "truth" of Cincinnati, in Gaines's view, is that opportunity is available for anyone who wants to work. "We need to get to children in school and tell them: 'There's no one to hold you back but yourself, no one responsible for your own destiny but yourself. It's not the white man who's responsible.'" Unfortunately, the opposite message reigns. "Students are hearing: 'You won't be treated fairly no matter what you do,'" notes Gaines. "A lot of young people have bought into that lie, and they throw in the towel."

Cincinnati's politicians should confer authority on men like Jones and Gaines. But contemporary race politics grants authenticity only to incendiary victimologists such as Damon Lynch and Al Sharpton. The costs of this mistake keep mounting. Over the last decade, Cincinnati lost 10 percent of its population, critically eroding its tax base. The "problem in Cincinnati is not that white and black people do not get along, but that white and black people are not sticking around," says former councilman Phil Heimlich. The perception that the city has caved into the rioters will accelerate suburban flight and discourage greater contacts between regional residents and downtown, Heimlich predicts.

Fittingly, Charles Ogletree Jr., the legal director of the reparations campaign and a Harvard law professor, has praised Cincinnati's rioters. Speaking at an NAACP dinner last October, he compared the vandals and assailants to the American revolutionaries of 1776. Ogletree undoubtedly feels an affinity for these blackmailers, and must be taking heart from their victory in Cincinnati. The best way to defuse the reparations movement before it gathers more steam is to start granting equal time to those legions of black Americans who stand up for personal responsibility, hard work, and education as the keys to American success. ♦

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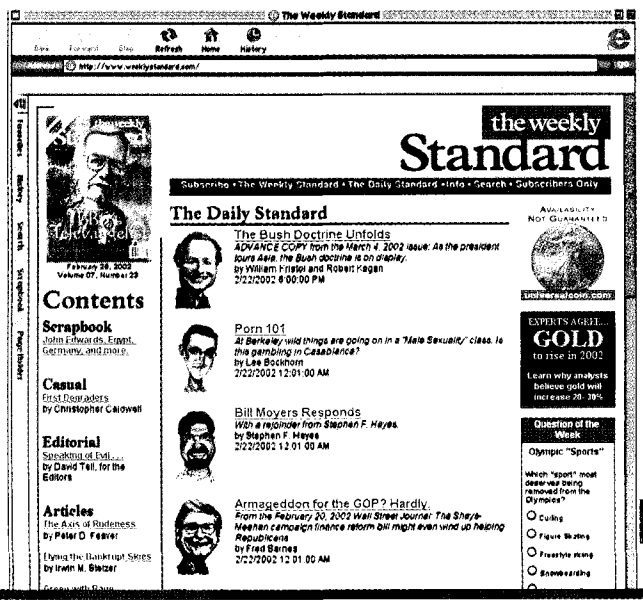

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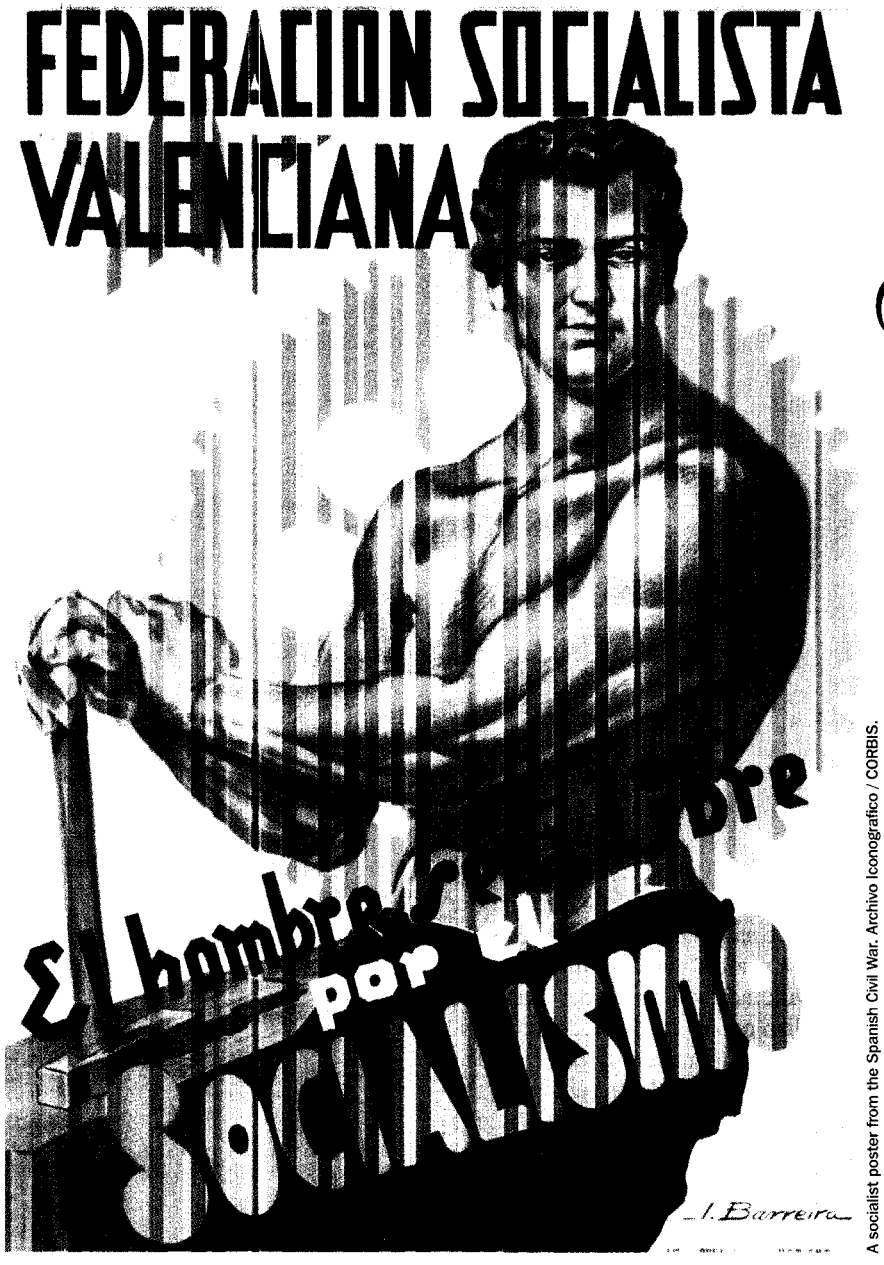
The Heaven That Failed

An autopsy of socialism

By Fred Siegel



A socialist poster from the Spanish Civil War. Archivo Iconografico / CORBIS.

There are two kinds of radical: the consolable and the inconsolable. The consolables are those whose grievances can—at least in theory—be addressed, while the inconsolables are those whose rage admits no limits. The 1970s terrorist "Carlos the Jackal" is a good example of an inconsolable. Born Ilich Ramirez Sanchez, the son of a fervent Communist who named him after Lenin, Carlos has recently converted in his French jail to Islam because "the only people who do a good job" of fighting capitalism "are the Muslims."

In the course of the twentieth century, the Islamic world, its traditional religious identity shaken by its encounter with modernity, has moved with astonishing speed through liberal, radical nationalist, and socialist phases. All have failed, but the nationalism and the socialism—both Western imports—have become thoroughly intertwined with Islam itself, creating the totalitarian political theology known as radical Islam or Islamism.

This shouldn't have come as a complete surprise since the false promise of religious salvation through political means is a staple of European history. Alexis de Tocqueville noted that the French Revolution was "like Islam," for it "flooded the whole world with its soldiers, its apostles, and its martyrs."

Heaven on Earth
The Rise and Fall of Socialism
by Joshua Muravchik
Encounter, 417 pp., $27.95

Holy Madness
Romantics, Patriots and Revolutionaries 1776-1871
by Adam Zamoyski
Viking, 512 pp., $34.95

Shaken by its own encounter with modernity in the Enlightenment, Christian Europe, too, would move through nationalist and socialist phases, which culminated in the twentieth century with the rise of fascism and communism.

The course of European political theology is chronicled in two strikingly well-written books. Last year, with *Holy Madness: Romantics, Patriots and Revolutionaries 1776-1871*, Adam Zamoyski gave a picaresque, almost novelistic account of the "spiritual and emotional conditions that gave rise to the cult of the nation" in the wake of the French Revolution and Napoleon's conquests. In the words of a popular French song, "the people is God—the manifestation of the divine principle on earth."

And now, with *Heaven on Earth: The Rise and Fall of Socialism*, Joshua Muravchik tells the story of the kinds of socialism that took hold in the late nineteenth century after the "Holy Madness" of radical nationalism had

Fred Siegel is a professor at the Cooper Union for Science and Art in New York and the author of The Future Once Happened Here: New York, D.C., L.A. and the Fate of America's Big Cities.

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burned itself out. As Muravchik points out, some socialists were consolables: the late-nineteenth-century German Eduard Bernstein, for instance, and the current British prime minister Tony Blair—people open to evidence and capable of responding to changes in capitalism. And then there are the inconsolables: the mild-mannered utopian socialist Robert Owen, for example, and the ferocious Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, who were inoculated against doubt and experience.

For Zamoyski in *Holy Madness*, a key figure is Giuseppe Mazzini: the great conspirator who, inspired by the French Revolution, devoted his life to freeing Italy from the control of the Austrian Empire. Raised a Catholic, he transmuted the images of the French Revolution into symbols of a substitute faith. The French tricolor replaced the Cross and the *Marseillaise* became the romantic nationalists' *Te Deum*. Preaching to a peasant population that identified with local villages rather than with an Italian nation, he insisted that "without Nationality neither liberty or equality is possible, and we believe in the Holy Fatherland." After one of his many failed uprisings, he dressed in black for the rest of his life in mourning for an Italy he described as "the people messiah" whose suffering was, like Christ's, destined to free all the captive peoples of Europe.

Mazzini spoke, says Zamoyski, of one master (God), one law (progress), and one earthly interpreter (the people). His was a generous, if naive, liberal nationalism, which assumed that when men of good will labored for their own freedom through national liberation, they were also working for the freedom of all nations. The great Russian liberal socialist Alexander Herzen best summarized Mazzini when he described him as a man of "grandeur, and, if you like, something of madness." Mazzini's path to freedom was a poetic war, a holy war directed against the divine-right monarchs who wanted to stifle the inner creative spirit of the individual nations in their cradle.

If Mazzini was the mind of romantic nationalism, Giuseppe Garibaldi was the muscle. The very model of a swashbuckling hero, Garibaldi was the most widely admired man of his era (so much so that Lincoln offered him a command in the Civil War). He is said to have shot disobedient followers dead "without stopping to take the cigar from his mouth."

When the revolutions of 1848 broke out, Garibaldi, who had been in Latin America leading guerrilla rebellions, returned on his boat *Speranza*, his gorgeous Brazilian wife by his side, and rushed onstage like an operatic lead. In 1862, when Count Camillo di Cavour was ready "to set fire to the whole of Europe" if necessary to expel Austria from Italy, he turned to Garibaldi.

Hulton / Archive

Carlos the Jackal

The guerrilla leader gathered 1,000 men in backward Sicily, most of them from the advanced North of Italy as well as a Polish legion, German nationalists, former Confederate officers, and Alexandre Dumas (author of *The Count of Monte Cristo*), and began to march toward Rome. Garibaldi's men were "living in a world of poetry." When he marched through, said one observer quoted by Zamoyski, "you would not have said he was a general, but the head of a new religion followed by a crowd of fanatics." He was hailed as "the messiah" by some local priests, but the peasants had little idea of what he was up to. "They barely spoke the same language, when he shouted *Viva l'Italia* they replied *Viva la Talia* which they assumed to be the name of the Dictator's mistress."

The problem for Garibaldi was that he was an Italian nationalist in a land of illiterate peasants who barely recognized Italy as a country, let alone shared a common consciousness. Garibaldi proclaimed himself dictator of Sicily. "Liberty," he explained, "must sometimes be forced upon the people for their own good." He had little use for the prose of everyday politics and was bitterly disappointed by the results of Italian unification. "Give us battle, not liberties," he said and retired to the Isle of Caprera. Garibaldi, the man on the white horse, was both a throwback to the worship of Napoleon and an anticipation of an operatic Italian dictator to come.

In 1863 Nikolay Chernyshevsky wrote *What Is To Be Done?* He dismissed the romantic radicals, calling for a new, hard breed of relentless revolutionaries who would achieve salvation through the terrorism that Herzen called the "syphilis of our revolutionary lusts." The energies that had once gone into liberal if not militant nationalism were transmuted into a call for ceaseless violence. Four years later in 1867, Herzen eulogized the ending of the romantic era: "And you Mazzini, Garibaldi, last of the saints, you have done your part. . . . Make room now for the madness, for the frenzy of blood in which Europe will slay herself or the Reaction will. . . . Now there will be lakes of blood, seas of blood, mountains of corpses."

For Muravchik in *Heaven on Earth*, the seminal figure is Gracchus Babeuf, one of the links between the Terror of the French Revolution and the terrors of twentieth-century totalitarianism. In 1789 after he watched the mob that had seized the Bastille parade the head of a soldier on a pike, Babeuf wrote home to his wife, "This is exciting me to the point of madness." The people want to be happy, and "I don't think it impossible that within a year . . . we shall succeed in ensuring general happiness on earth." Disappointed by the defeat of the Jacobins after the Terror, he conceived of a new

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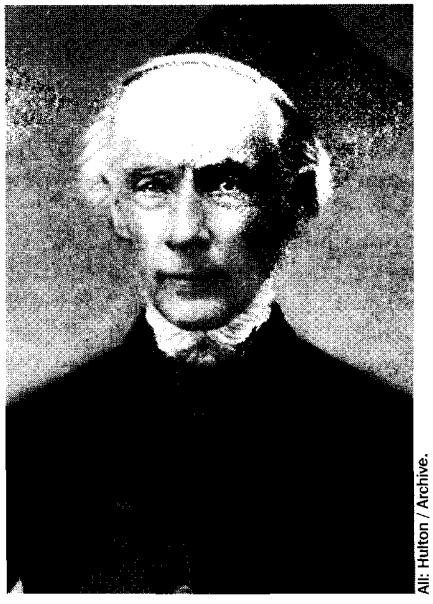

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Giuseppe Mazzini, c. 1870. Giuseppe Garibaldi, c. 1855. Robert Owen, c. 1860.

and total revolution in which "all opposition shall be suppressed immediately by force. Those opposing shall be exterminated." "Society," he insisted, "must be made to operate in such a way that it eradicates once and for all the desire of a man to become richer or wiser or more powerful than others."

Babeuf was executed after a failed coup, but his Italian disciple Fillipo Buonarroti carried on the tradition. But he soon came up against the fact that there was no popular support for such a revolution—and he stumbled upon what Marxists would later call the problem of "false consciousness." Anticipating Lenin, Buonarroti proposed that socialist revolution would have to be imposed by a vanguard of professional revolutionaries.

Robert Owen represented a very different strain in socialism. He was the first of the professional reformers, an enemy of violence and a leading utopian socialist. Originally a paternalistic British factory owner who improved both the conditions of his workers and his company's profits, Owen came to the United States in 1825 to found the utopian community of New Harmony. (He was so well regarded that on his arrival he addressed Congress *twice* and met with newly elected President John Quincy Adams.) Owen believed that no man "is responsible for his will and his own actions" because "his whole character—physical, mental and moral—is formed independently of himself." Passionately anti-religious, he argued that, once properly educated, men will have the opportunity to create "a terrestrial paradise," for "there will be no cruelty in man's nature."

In what is perhaps the best chapter of *Heaven on Earth*, Muravchik shows the significance of Owen's New Harmony experiment: Early on, it demonstrated that socialism, despite the virtues of its intentions, simply does not work. New Harmony went through five reorganizations before it collapsed. It couldn't attract skilled workers, but it did appeal to people even Owen called "perfect drones." The industrious citizens complained that "instead of striving who should do the most, the most industry was manifested in accusing others of doing little." Owen responded to lagging production with what was mockingly referred to as the "reign of reports," designed to explain the deficiency. Distribution did little better. Each member, explains Muravchik, had "a passbook in which their hours of labor were credited and supplies taken from the store debited." But as a neighbor noted, it was "an expensive system! Plenty of storekeepers, clerks, committeemen and rangers—few smiths, artisans, and farmers."

The cockeyed rationalism of New Harmony is best expressed in its perfectly logical naming scheme. It was "a system of geographic notation in which each degree of longitude or latitude received an alphabetic designation that described its location." London became "Lafa Vovutu," and one area of New Harmony was "Feiba Peveli."

Owen blamed the failure of New Harmony on the fact that "families trained in the individual system have not acquired those moral characteristics of forbearance and charity necessary for confidence and harmony." A fellow Owenite pointed out the circular nature of the argument: "We set out to overcome Ignorance, Poverty and Vice. It would be a poor excuse for failure to [argue] that the subjects of our experiment were ignorant, poor, and vicious."

A benevolent dogmatist, the gracious Owen never learned from his experience at New Harmony. (As his friend Harriet Martineau put it: "Robert Owen is not the man to think differently of a book for having read it.") But Owen's sons did learn. When their father went back to England to become "The Rational Social Father" of "The Rational Religionists," they remained in America. The two sons who became geologists helped create the Smithsonian, another became president of Purdue University, and another a congressman and secretary of the Freedmen's Bureau after the Civil War. In the last stages of his life, while his sons fulfilled the promise of America, Owen drifted off into spiritualism.

Owen's ethical approach to socialism was eclipsed in the last part of the nineteenth century by the hard men who were inspired by Marx and Engels. Marxism, a faith which masked itself as

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science, left no room for ethics. Marx replaced utopian idealism with the claim that he had scientifically proven the inevitability of socialism. But, Muravchik notes, "the claim of inevitability was not an intellectual weapon but a religious one." It was a version of Protestant predestination designed to embolden the believers.

Eduard Bernstein, a German socialist whom Muravchik happily rescues from obscurity, began as one of the believers. Bernstein, born in poverty, became Engels's protégé and intellectual heir. But his experiences living in England, where workers were making economic and political progress through trade unions, gradually turned him into an apostate. Revolution, it turned out, might not be necessary to improve the conditions of the working class. Further, Bernstein, who was able to think with his eyes as well as his mind, doubted that an "abrupt leap" from capitalism to socialism would produce the "miracle" of an ideal society. His critique of Marx, based on his studies of changes in pay and working conditions, was doubly damning. It applied empirical criteria to a canon that was "a slave to doctrine." And it robbed socialism of its "religious mystique." No longer would it plausibly offer a "kingdom of god" on earth.

Bernstein's "revisionism" produced furious responses from Mussolini and Lenin, both of which would drive the ideological course of much of the twentieth century. Benito Mussolini (named, like Carlos the Jackal, after a revolutionary hero, in this case the Mexican Benito Juarez) first achieved notoriety as Italy's leading left socialist. But when he saw that changes in Italy had muted worker anger, while World War I had ignited the nationalist fervor for which Garibaldi had yearned, he switched horses. He began to speak of backward Italy, shortchanged by its allies in the war, as "the proletarian nation" exploited by the liberal capitalist powers of France and England. "Nationalism," explained one of his allies, "is our socialism." Keenly aware of the parallels between himself and Lenin, Mussolini wrote of the Italian left: "I realize that though there are no political affinities between us, there are intellectual affinities, . . . but with the difference that they reach their conclusions through the idea of class, we through the idea of the nation."

Lenin faced two conceptual problems. First, if Bernstein was right, there was no possibility of a Marxist revolution in Western Europe producing a new Russia. Second, Russian peasant society was as uninterested in Marxism as the Italian peasants had been in Garibaldi's nationalism. Lenin's solution was to insist that a group of leaders could—like Buonarroti's old vanguard—supply the Marxist consciousness absent in the masses. With his success in seizing power, Lenin seemed to have created a magic formula for modernity that still has enormous appeal today.

To recognize that appeal, one has only to look at Muslim intellectuals. In the 1930s the Arab world was enthusiastic about fascism and Nazism, seemingly the winning paths to modernity. In the 1950s, they retained the Nazi anti-Semitism but turned to socialism once they saw the seeming success of the Soviet Union. With the rise of the Asian Tigers and the collapse of the Soviet Empire, most of the world realized that the Western liberal model was the only path to modernity. But Islamic intellectuals continue to believe that ideology is, as France's Olivier Roy explains, "the key to the West's technical development." Revealingly, notes Daniel Pipes, "militants compare Islam not to other religions but to other ideologies."

These are Lenin's true heirs in the world today, the inconsolables whose rage has been fueled by the unbreachable gap between the assumed superiority of Islam and its economic and military inferiority. Inspired by the German Baader-Meinhof terror gang and "educated" by French Third Worldists who see the events of September 11 as acts of anti-imperial bravery, the Islamists—just like the nineteenth-century Marxists—are convinced that capitalism is a trick, a conspiracy against all that is holy. The radicalism of the nineteenth century, it turns out, is merely the prologue to our own time—and the place to begin in understanding that is with Adam Zamoyski's spellbinding account of romantics and revolutionaries, *Holy Madness*, and Joshua Muravchik's compelling account of the history of socialism, *Heaven on Earth*. ♦

Martyrs of Hope

The fate of Christians in the Islamic world.

BY ROBERT LOUIS WILKEN

The Monks of Tibhirine
Faith, Love and Terror in Algeria
by John W. Kiser
St. Martin's, 335 pp., $25.95

Tibhirine is a village in the Atlas Mountains some forty miles southwest of Algiers. In 1938 a Trappist monastery was founded there by a small group of French monks from the Abbey of Aiguebelle. The Trappists are a contemplative order devoted solely to a life of prayer and manual labor, but as the years passed, the Muslim villagers developed cordial relations with the monks and even depended on them for certain things. One of the brothers was a physician, and he spent his days caring for the sick and infirm who lined up at the clinic early each morning. During the Algerian war for independence from France, these ties with the village served the monks well, and they survived the war without difficulty.

Robert Louis Wilken is William R. Kenan Jr. Professor of the History of Christianity at the University of Virginia.

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AP Photo / Zebar

The monks of Tibhirine in 1996.

In the decades after the war, however, as zealous Islamic revolutionaries mounted a campaign against Algeria's military government, the country was enveloped in violence. Europeans were urged to leave, and many did, but the monks of Tibhirine stayed put, in part because they felt an obligation to their Muslim neighbors. On March 27, 1996, seven of the nine monks were kidnapped by a band of extremists, and two months later the Groupe Islamique Armé (GIA) issued a communiqué that they had cut their throats "as we said we would do."

The Monks of Tibhirine tells the story of these gentle and courageous men against the backdrop of unspeakable horrors inflicted alike on innocent Muslims and Christians over the course of two decades. It is a sad and heartrending tale haunted by its gruesome ending. The bodies were never found—in the end only the severed heads of the monks were recovered. They are now buried in Tibhirine. But it is also a tale of love and mutual respect. The monks died because they would not abandon their neighbors who trusted them and faced the same dangers.

In a world that is always beckoning with more goods to accumulate, more places to go, and more opportunities to pursue, these monks strove to do with less, to live simply, quietly, and frugally in this one place, devoting themselves to prayer, work (a vegetable garden, tending bees for honey), and study. In the early nineties, they learned to live with an unwelcome guest—fear. In October 1993, the GIA declared war on outsiders in Algeria. "Foreigners have thirty days to leave the country. If they do not, they are responsible for their own death."

This was no idle threat, as the next few years would demonstrate. In 1993, fifteen Croats working on a dam near the monastery were murdered. Soon afterward Brother Christian, abbot of the monastery, began to write his "last testament," which began: "If it should happen that one day, and that could be tomorrow, that I am a victim of the terrorism which seems now to be engulfing all the foreigners living in Algeria, I would like my community, my church, and my family to remember that I gave my life for God and for this country [Algeria]."

On Christmas Eve of the same year, the monks received a visit from one of the leaders of the GIA. Christian was able to persuade him to leave, explaining that it was the night on which the birth of Jesus is celebrated. Taken aback, the leader said, "Excuse me. I didn't know." Yet the visit was troubling and the message ominous. One day the band of thugs would return. Over the next several years as terrorists killed clergy and members of religious orders (the Church in Algeria is tiny, and all were known well by the monks), it seemed more and more likely that their time was drawing near.

In May 1994 two men disguised as policemen entered a house for students run by the Catholic diocese in Algiers and shot a priest and a sister. On October 24 two Spanish nuns were shot in the back while entering the chapel of the Little Sisters of Jesus in Bab el-Qued for evening prayer. A few weeks later a group of armed men, again disguised as police, entered the house of the White Fathers and gunned down three members of the community and a visitor. This brought the total of foreigners killed between September 1993 and the end of 1994 to seventy-eight. Shortly afterward brother Paul wrote to his former abbot in France, "No one has any illusions anymore. Each of us knows that tomorrow could be his turn. But each of us has freely chosen to stay."

The monks took some precautions, closing their doors at 5:30 rather than 7:30 P.M. and installing a new telephone line to the house of the Arab guardian. Every six months they would gather together to discuss whether they should leave, and each time they resolved to stay. Other religious communities were leaving, but it was their firm conviction that they had been called to serve God in this place, to live among people "who struggled each day to make a living." When there were rumors that the monks might leave, one of the villagers said, "You have a door to leave from. We have no door, no way out. . . . We are frozen in fear. There is nowhere to turn."

In November 1995 two sisters who belonged to the Little Sisters of the Sacred Heart were shot leaving their home in Kouba. One of the sisters was a dear friend and a member of the Ribat-es-salaam (Bond of Peace), a group of Muslims and Christians that met twice yearly at Tibhirine since 1979. She had lived for almost thirty years in Algeria, spoke fluent Arabic, and believed it was her unique calling to live as a Christian among the Algerians. After her death, terror seemed to be standing before the gates of the monastery.

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AP / Wide World Photos

The monastery of Tibhirine after the murder of seven of its monks.

Finally, early on Wednesday morning March 27, 1996, a little after 1:00 A.M., Jean Pierre, one of the monks, was awakened by voices outside his room. When he looked to the entrance of the cloister he could see a man with a turban, bandoliers, and a machine gun walking toward the room of the abbot. Christian met briefly with the leader, there was a shuffling of footsteps, the outside gate clanged shut, and then silence. Jean Pierre assumed that the intruders had left and that everyone had gone back to bed. Then he heard a knock on his door and another monk told him: We are alone, all the others have been taken away. They were not seen until the general of the Trappist order identified their heads at the Department of Forensic Medicine two months later.

The monks of Tibhirine have found a worthy chronicler in John Kiser. The murders were widely reported in Europe, where people gathered in public places to mourn, but the news received little attention in this country's press. So it is very good to have the story told in full by someone who writes confidently about the political as well as religious history that led up to the killings.

Kiser has a keen eye for detail and his account is informed and intelligent. He is fascinated by the tranquility of the monks in the face of mounting danger and draws effectively on letters, journals, and sermons to convey their thoughts and feelings as they reckoned with the inevitability of their own deaths. In a letter written at Christmas 1995, Christian said, "Now all that is left us is to give our blood to follow Christ to the end."

But Kiser wishes to do more than recount a story of faith, love, and terror, as the subtitle has it. The events raised questions about Algerian politics, about the nature of Islam and Christianity, why the monks were there, why they were killed, and what their deaths mean for future relations between Muslims and Christians. Some of his best pages give a profile of the members of the GIA, mostly young men in the cities, alienated from the traditional structures of family and society in the villages from which they had come, distrustful of their elders, opportunistic, susceptible to the inflamed rhetoric of half-educated preachers. Though they claimed to act in the name of Islam, they were as willing to kill Muslim leaders as to murder foreigners. Among the majority of the Algerians, however, there was a great outpouring of outrage and revulsion at the killings, and Islamic leaders condemned the massacre as an offense against God and the teachings of Islam.

The killings turned many Algerians against the terrorists, and Kiser believes that the death of the monks was a turning point for Algeria. One of the final chapters of the book is entitled "Martyrs of Hope." It is a tempting scenario, but real optimism is hard to hold. A few months after the massacre of the monks, a bomb exploded in the residence of the archbishop of Oran, Algeria's second largest city, killing the beloved bishop Claverie and his assistant instantly. In December 1997 four hundred people were killed by Islamic extremists on the first night of Ramadan. Although the violence has diminished in recent years, the GIA is still active, and indiscriminate killings continue—forty in the last month alone according to the BBC.

It seems more likely that the meaning of the death of the monks lies in the witness of their lives, not the political history of Algeria. Yet they have become part of the communal memory of the Algerian people, and perhaps one day, as a professor at the University of Algiers observed, they will be considered saints by Muslims as well as by Christians.

Kiser not only came to admire the monks—he also found himself drawn to the simple piety of the Muslim villagers. As the story unfolds it becomes clear he thinks the good will between the Muslim villagers and the Trappist community offers a model for relations between Muslims and Christians, interpreted, however, through his religious perspective. Here he wades in beyond his depth and is swept along by an undercurrent of religious platitudes.

What really matters, it seems, is not what one believes, but whether one has a good heart and a generous spirit, "faith unburdened by doctrine," as he puts it at one point. The way forward in the great religious struggles of our time is to forge a religion of universal love, understanding, and good will. Faith means living in friendship with others.

The monks, he writes, "represented my understanding of what Christianity should be, love God, but love thy neighbor first." One hopes that this inversion of the words of Jesus will not escape readers. In answer to the question, Which is the greatest commandment?, Jesus said, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second is like it, You shall love your neighbor as yourself." The monks loved their neighbors because they loved God.

Kiser was able to find statements in the writings of the monks, particularly

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of Christian the abbot, that seem to suggest he was moving toward a generalized belief in God. The task in relations between Christianity and Islam, he once said, is to seek "the notes that are in harmony." The openness and freedom of the monks, however, derived from their very particular commitments. They could reach out to their Muslim neighbors because they were firmly and unapologetically rooted in the rhythms of a very ancient way of life, reciting the Psalms, reading the Scriptures, celebrating the Eucharist. In turn the villagers were humiliated and shamed by what was being done in the name of Islam. "This is not Islam," one told him, citing a verse from the Koran: "Whoever kills another who has not killed or committed violence shall be seen as having killed all mankind."

The Muslim villagers were quite comfortable having Western Christians living in their midst. The tale of Tibhirine points not to a generic message of universal love, but to the strength and resiliency of traditional religious belief and practice. It was as Muslims that the residents of Tibhirine accepted the monks and lived peaceably with them. If there is a moral to the story, it would seem to be that the hijacking of Islam by Arab nationalism and Muslim extremism will be overcome from within Islam itself. ♦

A Small Legacy

The revival of Sybille Bedford.

BY BRIAN MURRAY

Sybille Bedford: The name rings bells. Readers of modern British literature might recall that, during the 1960s, Bedford emerged as an English journalist in the wry, cold-eyed manner of Rebecca West and Nancy Mitford. Bedford specialized in the courts and the law; *The Best We Can Do* (1958), her account of the 1957 trial of John Bodkin Adams, a British physician suspected of dispatching patients with overdoses of morphine, has been called "a classic of its kind." Others might remember Bedford as a travel writer, wine critic, or biographer whose big 1973 study of Aldous Huxley was widely noticed and praised.

A Legacy
by Sybille Bedford
Counterpoint, 320 pp., $15

A Favourite of the Gods
by Sybille Bedford
Counterpoint, 320 pp., $16

A Compass Error
by Sybille Bedford
Counterpoint, 240 pp., $16

Jigsaw
An Unsentimental Education
by Sybille Bedford
Counterpoint, 320 pp., $15

Bedford, born in 1911, has also published four novels, all of them ambitious works of art. The first three—*A Legacy* (1956), *A Favourite of the Gods* (1963), and *A Compass Error* (1968)—earned good reviews and then sank from view, as most novels do. Critics and readers were surprised when, in 1989, Bedford's fourth novel, *Jigsaw*, was shortlisted for one of Britain's most important literary honors—the Booker Prize. Even in Britain, where she has lived for many years, Bedford was known mainly for her critical writing and reportage.

Bedford didn't win the Booker, which went instead to Kazuo Ishiguro's *The Remains of the Day*. But the nomination brought new attention to Bedford and her previously published works. *As It Was*, a 1990 anthology of Bedford's nonfiction, was widely and rightly praised. Bedford's fiction, meanwhile, was hailed by John Fowles, David Leavitt, and A.S. Byatt, among others; even Auberon Waugh, a man not easily pleased, called her "a writer of consummate artistry."

Given such ample praise, Bedford's American publisher has recently released all four of her novels in smart new editions. It's a worthy enterprise, for Bedford is a smart, singular writer with an intriguing career. But it's also risky. For Bedford, I think, isn't best represented by her novels, which are self-obsessed as well as self-possessed—the often elegant works of a highly observant writer whose eye is too frequently turned inward.

These new editions include attractively candid introductions by the author herself. Writing, Bedford admits, "was and is and ever will be very very tough for me." *A Legacy* proved especially difficult. "Oh I got stuck so often," she writes, "made what I call *fausse route*." For Bedford, filling pages is like "chiselling" words.

Bedford is reluctant, however, to "retell or analyze" her own novels, which are distinctive in many ways. No contemporary writer can match her fondness for rhetorical questions, French phrases, and italics used freely as a mark of emphasis. But one senses in Bedford's fiction the lingering presence of her early literary heroes. Bedford's tone, like Aldous Huxley's, tends to be ironically cool; like him, she often portrays artists, intellectuals, and wealthy bohemians. Like Ivy Compton-Burnett, Bedford is drawn to dialogue; and, like Henry James, she favors psychological analysis, internal action, and elaborate prose. Evelyn Waugh, Bedford proudly notes, much admired *A Legacy*—despite its "too large a dose of Henry James."

A Legacy is Bedford's most accomplished novel. It takes place between 1870 and 1914, and focuses on three affluent, influential families: two are Catholic, one Jewish. They are for the most part highly unattractive people—haughty, humorless, a bit dotty. And they are at least partially responsible, Bedford implies, for those "vast and monstrous" things that came in the wake of German unification: Prussianism, Nazism, and two world wars.

Brian Murray teaches writing at Loyola College in Maryland.

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Bedford notes that *A Legacy* derived "from what I saw and above all heard and over-heard as a child." She based many of its characters on members of her own fading aristocratic family. Bedford's father, for example, appears in *A Legacy* (and again in *Jigsaw*) as a handsome, eccentric Francophile—a man whose "prudent" but "susceptible" ancestors had similarly "married late and died young."

Bedford was only nine when her father died, broken and broke, and she left Germany for good. Bedford spent the rest of her childhood and much of her adolescence living in boarding schools or with family friends, for her beautiful, volatile English mother "was not interested in children, not at all." "You were very sweet as a baby," Bedford's mother once told her. "But you're going to be very, very dull for a very long time—perhaps ten or fifteen years. We'll speak then, when you've made yourself a mind."

For the young Bedford, dinner with mom could turn suddenly into an oral examination. Her mother expected good food and wine and sparkling conversation. Her own talk was "always about books or concerts or paintings," Bedford recalled, "and if you couldn't keep your end up, no matter how young you were, you either left the table or ate in silence." Bedford told one interviewer that, as a child, "I never had any maternal love." And yet, she was "grateful," for her mother "taught me everything about literature and art and world affairs." More important, "she instilled into me the idea that it was a very grand thing to be a writer."

Bedford's books suggest that over time she grew closer to her mother, who remained something of a *conteuse*—and an intuitive collector of talented friends. During the 1920s and '30s, the two spent much time together in Sanary, a village in the South of France where her mother lived with her second husband, a robust and obliging Italian much younger than she. Between the wars, Sanary had become a fashionable retreat for artists, intellectuals, and assorted bohemians, including the writers Aldous Huxley and Thomas Mann, whom Bedford's mother liked to call "poor Tommy."

Huxley, who died in 1963, is no longer widely read, although certain students can still readily identify him not only as the author of *Brave New World*, but the dude who, in *The Doors of Perception*, turned Jim Morrison onto the mind-altering possibilities of LSD. Although limited as a novelist, Huxley was in fact a splendid essayist, idiosyncratic and erudite, and one of the most influential public intellectuals of his day. For Bedford, he was both an "intellectual and moral idol" and a trusted friend who proved particularly reliable when her increasingly unstable mother developed a dangerous addiction to morphine.

Given Bedford's dramatic life, one might be surprised to learn that she hasn't yet published her memoirs. But Bedford matured as a writer back when autobiographical writing was relatively rare—the discreet, ghostwritten genre of explorers, statesmen, and sports stars. Moreover, she professes no interest in exposing old lovers or settling scores. "Private life is private life," she insists, "which means *private*."

It's an admirable stand. In the current climate, established writers are easy prey for scriptwriters and biographers; in exchange for successfully creating characters they must become characters themselves—exposed, diminished figures in somebody else's narrative. Consider only the case of the late Iris Murdoch, a disciplined and widely admired novelist whose often disordered personal life, kept private for years, is now vividly displayed in books and on movie screens. No wonder Bedford is wary. And no wonder Thomas Pynchon is still out there, somewhere, lying low.

And yet, as *A Legacy* first demonstrated, Bedford's fiction draws repeatedly, if teasingly, on the facts of her life. Both *A Compass Error* and *A Favourite of the Gods* include characters modeled closely on Bedford's mother and Bedford herself. Packaged as a "biographical novel," *Jigsaw* features a narrator called "Billi"—just as Bedford was herself known to family and friends. Billi's father, like Bedford's, is an aging sensualist facing poverty at the end of his days. Her self-destructive mother rips through life in top gear and resorts, ultimately, to drugs. Occasionally Billi pauses to discuss her literary career, which mirrors exactly Bedford's own.

Billi, like Bedford, spends her holidays in Sanary. She enjoys books, but she's high-spirited too, and—after living in England on marmite and tea—is understandably eager to enjoy a range of French pleasures. Food, it seems, is the chief of these. *Jigsaw* abounds with explicit descriptions of memorable meals. Here are artichokes, olives, almonds, "spicy fish stews," and a "coeur-crème with apricot jam." And here, most impressively, is a New Year's feast that includes, among other things, "a platter of *fruits de mer*" and "*quenelles de brochet* as light as feathers," as well as "small young turkeys, roasted unstuffed in butter" that are "served with their own unthickened roasting juices," and complemented, of course, by "a creamy chestnut purée," a "sharp salad of watercress," some "carefully chosen cheeses and a *bombe à glace*."

When she's not eating like Julia Child or savoring the local wine, Billi's pursuits are familiar enough: She falls in love, broods about life, dances the foxtrot, battles with her mother, and longs to write. Like her mother, Billi easily attracts suitors and friends, including the Polish painter Moise Kisling and his wife, Renée—a "force of nature" whose "infidelities were frequent, unconcealed, casual on the whole, often concurrent."

And like Bedford herself, Billi is drawn particularly to Aldous Huxley and his family. Huxley, "all six foot two of him," is vividly portrayed. We learn of his "regular working hours" and the Beethoven records he "listened to in hammocks in the garden and under the stars." Huxley's wife, we're told, is an "eccentric" cook and "the soul of tact." The Huxleys "were far less touched by gossip than most people"—although it's not quite clear why.

But then, various names and characters drift through *Jigsaw* with little or no direct connection to each other, or to its larger design. The book is nearly half

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over before the narrator admits that "it occurred to me—a little late—that I have not said what my mother looked like." This is particularly curious since Billi's mother dominates the novel. *Jigsaw* shows how a single individual can powerfully affect the lives of those around her, for good or ill, and for a very long time. Billi, it's clear, will spend the rest of her creative life coming to grips with a commanding parent who was both stimulating and slighting, inspiring and remote. "*Ma mère*," she admits, "*est une femme impossible*."

In her introduction to *Jigsaw*, Bedford notes that she found "the freedom of fiction" bracing after long stints of writing nonfiction prose. This is completely understandable, of course, for narrating facts can be tedious, and it's almost always more amusing to just make things up. But *Jigsaw* sticks so closely to the known events of Sybille Bedford's life that it hardly seems fair to call it a novel at all. It's a personal narrative with some imagined dialogue and other fictional bits thrown in. In other words, it's a memoir.

Of course, mixing fact and fiction is as old as print. Moreover, it's a practice that, over the past decade or so, has grown so commonplace (consider only V.S. Naipaul's *The Enigma of Arrival* and Saul Bellow's *Ravelstein*) that almost no one bothers to complain anymore of its ethical or aesthetic implications.

But at a very minimum, what a book is called affects the way it's read. As a novel, *Jigsaw* seems pretentious and slack: The author is both intrusive and coy. "The Kislings and the Aldous Huxleys are the Kislings and the Aldous Huxleys," she explains in a prefatory note. "My mother and I are a percentage of ourselves"; other characters are "to a large extent themselves." Inevitably, readers are left wondering which parts of the book are "true," and which are imagined. Bedford, tellingly, admits to "a puzzled sense about the relativity of given truth."

In a memoir, however, one expects a looser structure, a string of lively if unrelated episodes, and the chance to watch an intriguing mind at play. *Jigsaw* makes an often fascinating memoir, effectively recalling a period in European history that, more than a half century later, seems both prescient and quaint. *Jigsaw* isn't social criticism of any kind. But it recalls a time when summering in the South of France was still a privilege; when a writer like Colette was still considered shocking; and when an "instinctive" hedonist like Renée Kisling could still fancy herself a pioneer of the new morality, striking her own blow against "bourgeois sexual orthodoxy."

At the time of her Booker nomination, Bedford was compared to other

Counterpoint Press / Jerry Bauer

Sybille Bedford

recent writers who came to fame late in their careers. Both Barbara Pym and Penelope Fitzgerald, for example, wrote dark, oddly comic novels that languished for years before attracting large and avid followings. Pym was living quietly as a pensioner in Oxford, her books long out of print, when in 1977 Philip Larkin called her the most underrated novelist of the twentieth century. Suddenly Pym became a literary celebrity, the subject of books, articles, and at least one television film. Even now her more ardent fans pore over *Excellent Women* and *Quartet in Autumn* at annual meetings of the Barbara Pym Society.

Like Fitzgerald, Pym possessed a shrewd understanding of human nature that was belied somewhat by the clarity and directness of her style. Pym's characters can be complex, contradictory, like the people we know; they're quirky, and psychologically convincing. They're attractively ordinary too. Pym's characters contend with loss and dullness and disappointment. And they visit the dentist and attend flower shows. Pym is no Jane Austen, to whom she is sometimes compared; but her novels are deft without being pretentious, displaying a very English sort of sturdiness that retains its own appeal, perhaps particularly among American readers.

Bedford too will have her champions, particularly among fellow writers drawn to the careful grace and luster of her prose. Still, Bedford's novels are too aloof, fatalistic, and mandarin to attract large numbers of readers; they're oddly inconsistent too. Thus *A Favourite of the Gods* alludes to Gibbon, Byron, and Stendhal and includes the sort of characters who collect books and hang about villas and who could tell you the difference between a Pomerol and a Pauillac. And yet, in one scene, a character "flung herself into a chair"; another "succumbed to Rome at sight." In brief, it's a highbrow romance that, although published in the 1960s, retains the flavor of prose published thirty years before—as if Cyril Connolly were collaborating with Elinor Wylie.

Still, you don't have to like Bedford's novels to admire her nonfiction. In fact, her American publishers would do well to reissue *As It Was*, which first appeared in English and American magazines during the 1950s and '60s. *As It Was* features Bedford's coverage of the trials of both Jack Ruby and Lady Chatterly's lover. It also includes "The Worst that Ever Happened," a particularly memorable account of the 1963 trial, in Frankfurt, of 22 Germans who abetted the horrors at Auschwitz during the Second World War. In these eight essays Bedford emerges as an innovative and idiosyncratic reporter and writer whose best work retains its power and relevance still. ♦

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The President's Address to Congress, September 20, 2001 (as amended to take into account policy changes following Secretary Powell's trip to the Middle East).

Revised Text

Tonight we are a country awakened to danger and called to defend freedom. Our grief has turned to anger, and anger to resolution, and resolution to a firmer commitment to a set of prolonged negotiations and codicils, which will put us on the glide path to a resumption of the negotiating process. I declare to you, and to the world, and to Osama bin Laden, America shall not contribute further to a cycle of violence!

Americans are asking: How will we fight and win this war against terrorism? The answer is that to go in and try to seek out the terror organizations would be Not Helpful. After all, to attack al Qaeda directly would be merely to anger them, and provoke further terrorist attacks. And if we bombed the Taliban, and destroyed their infrastructure, how would they have the resources to crack down on the terrorists?

Americans should not expect to see a lengthy campaign. If the United States does launch a campaign against the infrastructure of terror, we shall pull out after four days, or sooner if the government of France asks us to. We shall be careful not to destroy the roads, buildings, or police stations of Afghanistan, for this might upset the Belgians.

We will pursue nations that provide aid or safe haven to terrorism, except for Palestine, Syria, Iran, Saudi Arabia, and any member of the Arab League. Every nation, in every region, now has a decision to make. Either you are with us, or you are with the terrorists. If you are with the terrorists, we will dispatch the vice president and the secretary of state and they will ask you to meet with them. If you are with us, we ask that you impose trade sanctions on us if you think we are too aggressive in combating terror.

Great harm has been done to us. We have suffered great loss. And in our grief and anger we have found our mission and our moment. Freedom and fear are at war—and we must therefore ask the terrorists to renounce terror. If they do not do so, we must insist that they renounce terror. And if they still do not do so, we must speak to them in a really grave voice. And if they do not do so after that, we must compromise with them and give them what they want. I think we can all be guided by the heroic words of the passengers of Flight 93 before they rushed their murderers.

One turned to the rest and declared, "If we can only get from Zinni to Tenet, that may lead to Mitchell and back to Oslo. Let's Roll!"

God bless you and God bless America.

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Defense Mathematics

Bruce Berkowitz is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution.

Defense policy is admittedly a complex topic. To understand the issue, it helps to keep five numbers in mind.

The first number is $750 billion. That's what all the world's nations combined spend on defense, according to the CIA *World Factbook*. It has been declining most years—but slowly—since the end of the cold war.

The second number is 3.2 percent. That's the part of the U.S. gross national product that our country spends on defense. It has been slowly declining, too, for the past decade. The percentage is small by historic standards. During the cold war it ranged from two to four times greater. It means we can maintain our current defense budgets with little or no effect on the U.S. economy. We're running at a comfortable pace.

The third number is $379 billion—the defense budget requested by the Bush administration for fiscal year 2003. It includes a $10 billion contingency fund to fight terrorism. What's interesting about this number is that **the United States now spends as much on defense as everyone else in the world combined.**

Rarely in history has a single country been so dominant. During the cold war, pundits argued over whether the Soviet Union or the United States was ahead in the so-called arms race. Today there isn't even a race. It means that the United States can do things no one else can—such as transport thousands of troops halfway around the world, build aircraft invisible to radar, and design bombs to land within a few feet of their target.

The fourth number is 17.6. That is the rate at which China increased its defense spending this year. It just reminds us that, despite America's predominance, there are countries willing to make the investment to challenge us at least in some regions.

The fifth number is 3,061—the number of people killed at the World Trade Center, the Pentagon, and Somerset County, Pennsylvania, on September 11. This number reminds us that, though the United States is supreme in traditional military capabilities, hostile countries and terrorist groups can still strike directly at America from halfway around the world with devastating results.

These numbers are important, but the biggest issues facing U.S. defense policy today are not so much "how much" as they are "how"—that is how we select, organize, train, plan, and deploy our forces. **We need to proceed aggressively on military transformation to create the flexible, agile, and rapid-response military force required to counter the asymmetric threats we now face.**

Furthermore, organization is extremely important. The armed services, state governments, and even the private sector must all learn to work together in new ways. Today, threats can come from many different sources, and even seemingly weak adversaries can be dangerous.

Most of all, in the "post-post–cold war" era, the United States needs leaders who can point out threats and head them off early, Leadership and decisiveness are critical in using our powerful—but finite—military forces effectively.

— Bruce Berkowitz

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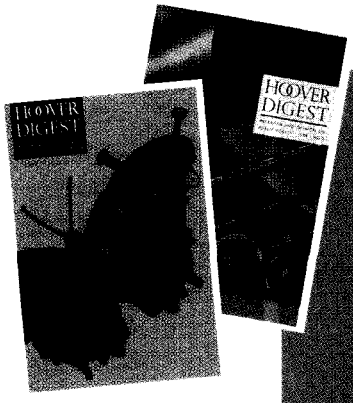

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